

# ハーレム ダイナスト

新・黄金竜を従えた王国

下巻



竹内けん

挿絵／せんぱた楼

Harem Dynast

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by Takeuchi Ken

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MICRODESIGN





*Illustration : SENBATA ROU*





# Chapter 1: Those who are Granted the Conqueror's Love

"We won..? W-we won, we actually won... Is this what I have wrought...!?"

A beautiful princess in a blue dress and lighter blue cloak stepped out of a carriage onto unsteady legs.

She had been born the second princess of Clanaria and she had become queen of Domos. The blue of her eyes seemed to have faded as she viewed the scene around her.

This northern road connected Domos to Clanaria. Now that the storm had passed, that bright land was covered in the corpses of men and horses as far as the eye could see.

The 12,000 of Domos's army had clashed head on with the 30,000 of Clanaria's in the Battle of Corlal Field and – against almost all expectations – Domos had won a crushing victory.

Clanaria's army had been overwhelmingly larger, but that was exactly why they had grown careless.

Or perhaps they had been anxious due to their battle with neighboring Exstar a few months before, even if they had won there.

It was also possible they had subconsciously been hesitant to attack when their beloved princess was in the enemy camp.

And ill fortune struck Clanaria even after they were routed and retreating. A great storm had hit at just that moment.

With visibility reduced and the order lost, they had fallen entirely out of formation and fled every which way in a panic. Domos had only needed to go with the flow and hunt them down.

Clanaria's General Albare had remained on the battlefield even after defeat was certain and he had commanded a rear guard of only 3000 with his aide Uldarg, but that had not lasted long and their numbers were quickly cut down

once the fierce downpour caught them.

The sole surviving senior officer, Left General Hopard, had worked to somehow regain command of the losing army, but it had been wasted effort.

Clanaria King Baldwin had been waiting for victory far behind the actual army. Once he received word that the army had been crushed, he returned to the royal capital of Curling while surrounded by Old General Zoral and his other aides.

Once the late summer storm passed, the air felt oddly clean, the western sky was dyed red, and the earth was covered in an even more red liquid.

“What have I done...?”

Ansandra had honestly underestimated what war was.

She had known there would more deaths than she could imagine, but actually seeing it forced her to realize the depths of her sins.

Also, she had not expected such a dramatic conclusion.

She had of course dreamed of her husband Lorent managing to conquer Clanaria just as he hoped, but given the difference in power, she had concluded that could not happen.

Even if Domos did win, it should have been a painful victory. Or they would have returned satisfied after only a small victory.

That kind of draw that prevented further bloodshed would have been perfect.

Even if they fought here, she was queen of Domos, so she had known Clanaria would not try to utterly destroy Domos. The people there were wild and hard to control and the land itself was harsh. Clanaria would have found a way to tame them through a greater alliance.

That would have increased Ansandra’s political value in Domos.

She would be lying if she said she had not been plotting something like that deep in her heart. But in reality, Domos had won a crushing victory, just as Lorent had planned.



(There's no stopping it now that this much blood has been spilled. This hatred can't be contained until one or the other has succumbed.)

As the girl who had sold out her mother kingdom, she could not bear the weight of her sins and tears flowed from her eyes.

She held her own body in trembling arms, her hips gave out, she fell to her knees

on the muddy land, and she wailed.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

A beautiful princess weeping as if to curse heaven and curse fate was a painful sight, but no one sympathized with her.

Dominic stepped out of the same carriage in the silver and green outfit of a government official and she had a blatantly icy smile on her lips.

"Hmph. You brought this on yourself, so quit acting like some tragic heroine."

Dominic had been in the same carriage to keep an eye on the queen and she viewed the exact same scene with a cheerful look.

They had won what had looked like a difficult battle. Nothing could be more exhilarating.

"Queen, what are you doing? We need to join King Lorent to celebrate our victory.

We are about to be a lot busier. The history of the central plain changed today. The world will be watching King Lorent's every move and Domos's every action. Ah ha ha ha ha."

Ansandra swallowed her tears and glared resentfully at that laughing woman.

What she said made sense. But even if Clanaria had suffered a major defeat, it was not so fragile a country that this would destroy it.

(I really don't think Clanaria ever viewed Domos with much hostility before. And we saw the result of that in the fighting spirit of the troops. But that will change. Domos has killed so many. They will be a clear target of Clanaria's hostility and hatred. Clanaria isn't going to let this continue. If Domos loses

now, they will be utterly destroyed.)

As Lorent had said, the only way for Domos to survive was to win and win and keep winning until Clanaria was conquered.

After preparing herself to become a traitor to her mother kingdom, Ansandra wiped away her tears and stood up.

“That was one hell of a battle.”

Even as virile a man as Lorent breathed a weary sigh now.

Once the last rays of sunlight vanished behind the Tarachia Mountains far to the west, the Domos soldiers collapsed to the ground and stopped moving.

To make up for the fact that they were outnumbered more than 2-to-1, they had used all their mobility, ran all around for a full day without eating, and kept going even as the storm raged.

If they were attacked during the night, they would certainly be destroyed before daybreak, but Clanaria did not have the troops left for that.

Lorent ordered a patrol just for show and then allowed everyone to rest as they liked. But now he faced a truly difficult problem as a ruler: conferring honors.

He would take his time doing it right once they had officially made Clanaria theirs, but he had to appropriately praise the work done during this major battle.

The individual military honors could be handled by the commanders and direct superiors, but major honors required a personal decision from the king.

Ansandra entered a temporary encampment.

Thanks to the victory, the encampment was full of disorderly energy. Everyone was bragging about their deeds or the deeds of their subordinates, but Ansandra’s complicated mental state must have stimulated their cruel curiosity. They all gave her rude, probing glances.

“ ... ”

She was unable to bear their cruel looks, so once she sat down with back



perfectly straight, she elegantly shut her eyes.

She did not at all look like the upset princess from before.

She so perfectly controlled her emotions that she looked something like a doll and the Domos commanders and soldiers did not exactly appreciate it.

“Make way for His Majesty.”

Lorent soon walked in with his black armor stained red.

Ansandra stood up to greet him.

“Congratulations on the victory. The Domos army’s strength will soon be known across the continent.”

“Yes.”

Ansandra held her skirt and politely curtsied and bloodstained Lorent stroked her cheek.

“Did you see that? I won.”

He had the same look of pride as an innocent child.

“Yes. I will follow you to the ends of the world.”

She took her husband’s bloody hand and lovingly rubbed her cheek against it.

(Wow... Look at her acting all cute while she works to overthrow her own mother kingdom. It takes guts to be that wicked.)

Trembling whispers like that bubbled up all around them.

Suddenly, the temporary encampment shook violently and a messenger provided a

report to the surprised group.

“General Naja has arrived.”

The awkward atmosphere immediately brightened. And that cheer could be heard outside the encampment as well.

“Lady Naja, you fought so bravely today.”

“Hey, it’s Domos’s true queen!”

“Heading in for a passionate night with His Majesty?

♪ Don’t you go and get knocked up in the middle of a war, okay?”

They could hear the innocent cheers of the low-ranked soldiers.

Ansandra was from an enemy kingdom, so even if she had been officially accepted, the feelings of the people were a different matter.

She had turned on her mother kingdom to earn this spot as the conqueror’s queen, so it was not fun to hear someone else being referred to as the true queen.

Ansandra returned to her seat to clear a space for the woman who would be arriving soon.

“She certainly is popular, isn’t she?”

Dominic loved rubbing Ansandra the wrong way, so she wiped the blood from the girl’s cheek and whispered that biting comment with a grin.

As the cheers gradually approached, the curtain over the encampment entrance was finally thrown open to reveal a woman of around twenty with a red ponytail.

“Tah dah♪ I’m back♪”

As soon as she stepped inside, she playfully spread her arms and legs.

The arms and legs extending from her skimpy outfit were well toned and colored a glistening brown. She was surprisingly short, but she made up for that with her powerful presence.

“We won♪ We won♪ We did it♪ Domos is the best♪”

When Naja raised her right hand and hopped around, the celebratory mood filled the entire war council.

She really was a star. Her mere presence was enough to entirely change the atmosphere.

Even Mercenary General Carnap got carried away and gave a whistle of celebration.

Lorent smiled bitterly at the adulation, but then he provided some harsh

words.

“Naja, I already know Lacquer Scale is an excellent dragon, so don’t get reckless.

We can’t have all of our leaders crushed from the encampment roof collapsing immediately after a victory like this.”

“Sorry ‘bout that♪ Ah ha ha ha ha.”

Naja opened her mouth wide enough to show off her lovely teeth as she laughed.

“Well, whatever. Take a seat. We need to get started.”

Lorent ended the chatting and started to take his seat, but Naja stopped him.

“Your Majesty~♪ I worked hard today, didn’t I? So don’t I deserve a reward?”

“Huh? That can wait until later...”

Lorent seemed confused what she was getting at, but Naja clasped her hands behind her back, closed her eyes, and leaned toward him.

“Can’t you reward me with a kiss now and give me the rest later?”

“Wow♪”

An unexpected mood spread through the bloodthirsty group once they realized what Naja was after.

“Honestly...”

Lorent sighed, walked over to Naja, and kissed her.

“M-mh...hhhh...”

After sharing a fairly deep kiss, their lips parted.

“Satisfied?”

“Yes, thanks♪”





Naja grinned. Lorent looked instantly attracted to that charming smile, but his expression stiffened when he saw the grins on the other officers.

“Anyway, it is time to start conferring honors. Take your seats everyone.”

On Lorent’s instructions, the festive mood settled down.

The king sat at the head of the table and Ansandra sat by his side as the wife that gave them a justification for this battle.

Dominic stood behind Lorent on the left as his aide. Stephan, Almeida, Kubdai, Shigsal, Naja, Carnap, Vatistuta, and Lumishas took seats on the left and right sides.

The first to enter the encampment was a muscular youth.

“Eek!?”

Ansandra shrieked when she saw the severed head he held.

“I have brought the head of Clanaria General Albare. My name is Burns and I fought under General Almeida’s command.”

Albare had desperately taken command of the rear guard, but he had been unable to hold back the Domos army as they pushed in like a mighty river and this young man had slain him in the resultant fray.

Ansandra had prepared herself for this, but she still felt her stomach acid rising when she saw the severed head of her good friend’s father.

However, she could not afford to let that show here. She paled, but she desperately suppressed the nausea.

Oblivious to his wife’s troubles, Lorent’s voice was cheerful.

“Albare was Clanaria’s greatest warrior and his deeds were among the greatest on the continent. How did you slay him? Could you give us the details?”

Burns must have been nervous in front of the king because his voice was a bit scratchy and his movements were stiff.

“I had no idea the old man was so important, but I saw he had some nice armor on and figured he had to be someone with a name for himself. I first crushed his horse’s head with my mace and beat him through his armor after he fell from the horse...”

Burns's story was exactly what one would expect from the simple warriors of Domos. He was not exactly a skilled orator. But Lorent passionately listened to his tale all the same.

Lorent looked like a cruel monster at first glance, but it may have been this side of him that led his people and soldiers to adore him like a god. Ansandra felt like she had seen a new facet to her beloved husband.

"Well done. Albare was a crucial part of Clanaria's army. Taking his head deserves the highest of honors. If only all soldiers were more like you. You will command my personal cavalry unit."

That position really only made him Lorent's aide, but the pure youth was moved to the point of trembling.

"And once Clanaria has fallen, you shall have great riches. And...oh, I know. Is there anything else you want? Speak and it is yours."

Burns was unsure how to respond to this excessive reward, so he paused in thought for a moment.

"Well, I am currently single, but seeing you married has made me want to start a family."

The youth glanced awkwardly at Lorent's expression.

"Is that so? I will admit a woman is a wonderful thing. Once Curling falls, you can have your pick of the captured woman."

Lorent gave a generous response, but Burns blushed and shook his head.

"I am a Domos man to the core, so foreign woman aren't my type. I would like a Domos woman."

"Really? Then we'll have to find a young woman for you... Oh, I know. Stephan, isn't it about time your youngest daughter Linda found a husband?"

Stephan was Lorent's tutor and his daughter was like a little sister to Lorent.

Ansandra had met her a few times. The girl was full of energy and skilled in swordplay and magic, but she had not been allowed along on this military campaign because she was still so young. She had complained quite vociferously about that.



She seemed to love Lorent and she would often sneak into his bed to have sex with him like the other women, but she was always tossed out like a kitten.

It was not that she was at all unattractive, but Lorent really did see her like a little sister.

Lorent could seem like an unprincipled womanizer, but he seemed to have some standards.

“Of course. I am sure Linda would be delighted with a warrior like him.”

Whether or not he was aware of his daughter sneaking into the king’s bed, Stephan ignored her wishes and agreed she would be a good candidate for marriage.

But Burns quickly interrupted.

“Actually, I would prefer Lady Dominic...”

“Eh...?”

An empty atmosphere briefly hung in the air. Everyone gathered here had a kink or two or three, but they were all caught off guard by this one.

It was well known among the upper levels of Domos that Dominic was one of Lorent’s mistresses. In fact, she had taken his virginity and was his closest aide.

Everyone but Lorent gulped and stole a glance at their ruler’s face. No matter how much Lorent had taken a liking to this youth, this was bound to draw out his wrath.

(Surely he won’t kill him, though...)

The entire army’s morale could be affected if the courageous slayer of their enemy’s top general were killed over something so minor. It would surely cast a dark shadow over the rest of the war to conquer Clanaria.

Ansandra had had her hands full with her own issues, but even she gulped at the serious situation before her eyes.

(I just hope General Stephan or someone will stop him if it comes down to it...)

Oblivious to the change of atmosphere his statement had caused, Burns

continued in his simple fashion.

“Whenever I see you from afar, Your Majesty, I can’t help but adore that intelligent, dashing, and cool aide standing by your side. And Lady Dominic is getting up there in years, so if she doesn’t have a partner, um, I could take her...”

He probably meant no harm, but he was saying some awful things if he was hoping to win over a woman.

(He might be a brave warrior, but he isn’t very smart.)

Fearful of an outburst from her husband, Ansandra wished she sew that oblivious hero’s mouth shut.

“Hah hah hah.”

Once he recovered from his shock, Lorent held his sides and laughed until tears welled up in his eyes.

The confused retainers watched on as the young king hopped to his feet and pushed Dominic forward.

“Youth truly is fearless, isn’t it? You really want this old woman? There are plenty of younger and prettier girls.”

“I’m not very smart, so I want a wife who is.”

Burns looked up at Dominic and pleaded so sincerely you would have thought he was gazing upon a goddess.

“Very well. You can have Dominic. Take her with you right this instant and enjoy her.”

Lorent gave a powerful nod and pushed Dominic again. She lost her balance and collapsed onto Burns who caught her in his arms.

“Y-Your Majesty!?”

Dominic had never expected this and she cried out with a look of utter disbelief.

She wanted him to say this was some kind of joke, but Lorent seemed cruelly serious.

“You turned thirty this year. Starting a family wouldn’t be a bad idea.”

“I intend to serve you until the day I die!”

Her deep emerald eyes pleaded him, but Lorent coldly ignored them.

“I can always find another aide. Dominic, you are Burns’s wife from now on.”

“Thank you so much. I will continue to put my life on the line for you, Your Majesty. And I will make sure Lady Dominic is happy.”

Moved to emotion, Burns delightedly took Dominic away despite the utter shock on her face.

(Eh? You’re kidding, right...?)

Ansandra loathed Dominic, but she knew the woman loved Lorent enough sacrifice her life for him.

She had been prepared to continue that womanly battle for the rest of her life if she was to live as Lorent’s woman.

Yet now she had been handed over to another man with no warning whatsoever.

Ansandra gave a dazed comment on the unexpected turn of events.

“...Poor thing.”

“Poor thing♪”

Naja unintentionally said the exact same thing.

However, her tone was slightly different. While pure sympathy had filled the queen’s words, the Flying Dragon General sounded like she was looking forward to see how this played out.

Despite the confusion from the very beginning, they managed to move on to the interviews with prisoners of war.

“This is Clanaria’s Left General Hopard. He was taken prisoner by General Kubdai.”

A bound man walked in.

He was covered in sweat and dirt, but Ansandra recognized his refined



mustache.

Lorent spoke as his wife gasped by his side.

“Hopard, hm? I like the look in your eyes. If not for your efforts, we would have had a much easier time mopping up your forces.”

“Your words honor me.”

Clanaria’s Left General was not shy even while bound and disgraced. And Lorent had no intention of insulting a commander who lost after putting up a good fight.

“I cannot deny your talent. So how about it? Your kingdom is soon to be destroyed, so why not live a full life under my command?”

Hopard shook his head at Lorent’s generous offer.

“I appreciate the compliment, but I could not bear to rebel against my own kingdom.”

“Very well. You need not cooperate now. But once I occupy Curling, I intend to have my wife Ansandra rule there as a governor-general. Would you be willing to

serve as her aide?”

Lorent had directly ruled over Celeste and Sulbey, but he revealed here he intended to only indirectly rule Clanaria.

He seemed to have a number of reasons for that, but the foremost among them had to be that Clanaria was a cultured kingdom blessed with many fertile regions including Bastore.

“Queen, you convince him too.”

With that prodding from her husband, Ansandra squeezed out her voice despite how dry her throat was.

“Hopard, I won’t ask you to do this for Domos. Nor for me. But will you please assist us for the Clanarian people’s sake?”

When he heard that earnest plea, Hopard gave one last look at the foreign king and then looked to his own kingdom’s princess who seemed on the verge

of tears.

He closed his eyes and fought some sort of internal struggle before slowly prostrating himself before her.

“I cannot do it now. But if the day comes that you rule over Clanaria, Queen Ansandra, please use my meager skills as but one of the gears that power your mighty deeds.”

Ansandra had betrayed her kingdom and felt estranged even in her husband’s house, so she felt like she had found an ally for the first time. She ran over to him, took his hand, sobbed, and wet her cheeks with tears.

“Thank you. I am truly thankful.”

After that, more and more familiar Clanarian heroes were brought in as heads or prisoners.

Lorent’s response would seal their fate.

He ordered for the dead to be given a proper burial and for the slain warriors to be praised without restraint. The prisoners were tempted into serving him.

About half of the prisoners chose to swear fealty in exchange for their lives. Due to Lorent’s generous attitude, Ansandra’s presence, and the revelation that Ansandra would be left to rule the old Clanarian territory as a governor-general after the war, even those who refused were convinced to obey after much agonizing over the issue.

It was a perfect demonstration of how useful Ansandra’s name was.

“Naja, you were the one that paved the way to this victory, so I will need to give you a proper reward instead of a mere kiss,” began Lorent after conferring all the other major honors.

“You have already given me a higher position than I deserve and I am happy with the work I do now. So you don’t need to worry about that formal sort of reward.”

Naja stepped forward in a khaki-colored cloak, kneeled, and said all the proper words of thanks. While she did not care, the others would be too distracted if she was only wearing her flying dragon rider outfit which

amounted to no more than underwear, so she had wrapped a large cloak around herself. Each time she moved, the cloak fluttered around and gave a glimpse of the erotic clothing beneath. That was arousing enough as it was and Ansandra was impressed by how boldly that young commander carried herself.

“If you insist on a reward, give it to my girls instead.”

“Oh, your flying dragon unit will certainly be rewarded. But if I do not reward you as well, Naja, it will inspire rumors that I am stingy. Tell me what you want and it is yours.”

“In that case...”

Naja coquettishly approached Lorent and whispered in his ear.

“I want you to pound me with your thick cock for three days and three nights straight.”

This man had not batted an eye when facing an army three times the size of his own, but a cold sweat dripped down his cheek now.

“Naja, are you trying to kill me?”

“Oh, c’mon, Your Majesty. You were the one that said virgins are boring. Haven’t you been so focused on training her lately that you’ve been neglecting me?”

With the nimbleness of a cat, Naja placed her soft butt on Lorent’s lap.

Ansandra was dumbfounded by Naja’s bold action that was entirely inappropriate for such a formal meeting, but the other commanders only wrinkled their brows and muttered, “That horny girl is at it again.”

Naja was blatantly reveling in her favored position. Only the favored mistress and retainer could get away with this sort of behavior.

“You used to always make me cum at least ten times, but you’ve only been doing it seven times lately. It just isn’t enough, so I’ve been too hot and horny to sleep. Or have you grown tired of my body?”

“Of course not. No body is as fuckable as yours. It squeezes me so tight inside.”



“Kyah! Oh, you dirty king, you! Talk dirty to me some more.”

The supposedly solemn conferral of honors had suddenly turned into a scene of

flirting between the king and his mistress. Unsure what to do, the gathered generals averted their gazes. Some were even worried that doing this kind of thing in front of Ansandra, the official queen, would cause problems down the road.

However, their worries were unnecessary with Ansandra. She had been born and raised a royal, so she saw nothing wrong with a king having a favored mistress and felt no jealousy there. She was only shocked by how shamelessly they were behaving in public.

“Naja, your body is so delicious that I cum far too quickly. You would milk me dry if we kept at it for three days and three nights. Would you be willing to accept cumming twenty times each for three nights in a row?”

Lorent embraced Naja on his lap and whispered into her ear. He stuck his hands in her cloak to fondle her breasts and finger her pussy. She could not keep herself

from leaning back and breathing heated breaths.

“Ha ha. Twenty times each for three nights in a row? My hips are about to give out just imagining it... But, no. Your Majesty, you know every last part of my body so well you would just make me cum right away without enjoying it yourself... Khhhn. I want your thick cock inside me the whole time. I feel so happy like that. You can do that for me, can't you? I just want three days of your time for me alone. You're the one that said you would give me whatever I wanted. They say royal words are absolute. Once you say something, you can't take it back. Ahhhn, see? Once things aren't going your way, you start to make me cum. Ahn, no, that's cheating...hyahhh...”

Someone cleared their throat. It was General Stephan, Lorent's tutor.

Once Lorent and Naja had been reminded they were in the middle of an official meeting of military commanders, Stephan opened his mouth to speak.

“You are asking the impossible, Flying Dragon General. We are currently on a

military campaign.”

Naja was not about to give in just because Stephan glared at her.

“But before, His Majesty said it simply wasn’t possible for two people to ride a flying dragon, but we tried it and it went just fine. And while we were flying, he made sure to touch my thighs, grope my tits, pinch my clit, finger my ass, and finally fuck me. We did so many pleasurable things in the name of love, but now that he has a cute and somewhat pure girl, he’s completely neglecting me. Isn’t that just terrible?”

Naja wrapped her arms around Lorent’s neck and pouted as if to say she would not let go until he granted her her wish.

Stephan was dumbfounded, but then he exploded with anger. But not at Naja; at Lorent.

“Young Master, what have you been doing? You dream of conquering the continent, but people will laugh at your title of conqueror if you expose yourself to danger in such deplorable ways. And you sleep around far too much. No, I will not criticize your love of women, but there is a time and a place for everything. Need I remind you what became of your wedding? I will not forbid you from having mistresses, but your proclivities cause far too many problems... Not to mention...”

Unable to bear Stephan’s seemingly never-ending barrage of complaints any longer, Lorent made an excuse.

“That was what they call a youthful indiscretion. It will not happen again.”

Ansandra had to smile at that.

Her husband could seem indomitable, but he apparently had trouble with this old man who had been his tutor.

“That’s right, that’s right.”

When Naja teased him, Stephan’s voice roared like thunder.

“I have not even gotten to you. Again, please consider the proper time and place for such things. We are on a military campaign. His Majesty does not have three days to spare. He is very busy. If you are feeling lustful, then sleep with

the girls under your command.”

Ansandra had thought this man was sensible for a Domos leader, so she gasped.

But even his demand that Naja have lesbian sex with her knight girls showed that Stephan had some sense.

If one of Lorent’s mistresses got pregnant and had experience with other men, it would be a major problem. And since Lorent did not yet have any children, it was possible any such child would become king of Domos in the future.

“Then he can reward me by lending me that girl.”

Naja hopped down from Lorent’s lap and mischievously pointed at Ansandra.

“His Majesty is busy and he can’t exactly walk around with a girl on a military campaign, can he?”

Her reasoning was mostly nonsense, but it made sense from one point of view.

And the fact that she posed the question to Stephan instead of Lorent showed Naja was crafty.

Some of the assembled generals realized Naja had been after the queen from the beginning, but they all held their tongues.

“You may borrow her. I have far more important things to do than sleeping with a woman.”

Hearing Stephan’s exhausted sigh, Lorent reluctantly agreed. But Ansandra herself had no reason to agree.

“Sir Stephan, why must I go along with this?”

Stephan flinched back from the queen’s sharp look. His eyes began to wander as he made an excuse.

“I do not know how you used to be, but you are currently a very lustful person.

But we cannot have you relying on other men. The Flying Dragon General is

well-known for her skill with other women, so she would be the perfect candidate for distracting you from the loneliness of sleeping without the king by your side.”

Stephan was choosing his words carefully, but he was basically calling Ansandra a slut who might seek out other men if she was left alone in bed. Nothing could have been more insulting, but any argument would have sounded hollow after what happened at the wedding.

She did not like it, but her supposed sluttiness had become an accepted fact in Domos’s royal court.

“Not even my body would hold out if I had to perform on the battlefield during the day and in the bed at night. I’ll give you plenty of attention once Curling has fallen, so bear with it until then.”

Ansandra snapped back at Lorent’s statement.

“You are the one seeking me out every day and every night. I can ignore the others, but I cannot stand to have you too treat me like a whore.”

Ansandra approached Lorent, but Naja cheerfully placed a hand on her shoulder.

“Now, now. Don’t get so worked up. This just means you’re attractive enough that he just can’t keep his hands off you. I know I’ve been looking forward to getting a turn with you ever since I first laid eyes on you. I’ll show you pleasures that only another woman can give you.”

When Naja blew a damp breath into her ear, Ansandra shuddered.

“Don’t worry, Your Majesty, I’ll take good care of your queen until we’ve taken Curling. Next time you sleep with her, she’ll be a super dirty girl who moves her own hips, gropes her own tits, and toys with her own clit. Look forward to it.”

“You mean she’ll be just like you?” asked Lorent

Naja replied with a wink of her sand-colored eye.

“Now, let us discuss our future plans.”

With the conferral of honors complete, they moved on to a military council

meeting.

The first to speak was Stephan, the chief retainer of the Domos army. Kubdai, who was something of an older brother to Lorent after working as his aide since Lorent was little, summed up the situation.

“Albare, the top of their military, Madelene, who was pegged as the next king, and Chamomile, the woman general, were all slain and Hopard, who was rumored to be their next top general, was taken prisoner. This is incredible. Clanaria has lost the top four members of their military in a single day.”

Kubdai paused there to look to the others and shrug.

“Clanaria’s mobile forces were utterly destroyed. Now, I never thought we would lose, but I didn’t think we would achieve such a crushing victory either. Your

Majesty’s superb luck is frightening indeed.”

“So will Clanaria continue to retreat until they’ve been wiped out?”

Fierce General Almeida asked that question while stroking his beard. But not because he thought so. He was merely opening up the discussion.

“No, I doubt it. There is more to Clanaria than this. Give them time, and they will quickly rebuild their army. They are sure to send out Old Man Zoral, their previous top general and the king’s current adviser.”

As a well-traveled mercenary who had been personally chosen by Lorent, Carnap was quite well informed.

They all turned to look at the queen. Ansandra knew they wanted to know her opinion, so she hesitantly spoke up.

“Zoral is currently the royal palace’s grand chamberlain. Even if he is healthy for his age, he is still a man of over seventy, so I’m not so sure about that...”

To be honest, Ansandra had never predicted they would lose the top four of the military all at once and the Clanarian army would never have expected it either.

It pained her to think how chaotic things had to be in Clanaria right now.

“Either way, the enemy is sure to try to buy time. Our main task from here on will be attacking fortresses,” gravely responded Vatistuta, the one-armed general who had been known as a great commander of Celeste. “But it would be best to avoid that as much as possible. We only have so many provisions and the enemy will make progress reconstructing their army the more time we give them.”

“Then we can just ignore all those fortresses and make our way straight for the royal capital of Curling. The enemy is weak so soon after losing their main force, so we should have a good chance at winning.”

Lorent laughed at that suggestion from Shigsal, the fierce boy general.

“I like the way Shigsal thinks. Let’s go with that.”

Everyone gasped at that bold strategy. As a newcomer, Woman General Lumishas

had remained silent, but now she spoke up with a tremor in her voice.

“It really is going to be all or nothing...”

As tension ran through the various commanders, Naja’s voice rang loud.

“Hell yeah, let’s do thiiiiis! Clanaria’s riches are ours. Let’s get to work to fill our bellies with the best food we’ve ever seen, wear the finest clothes, and live in fancy houses

♪”

She had probably intentionally oversimplified the issue to lighten the heavy atmosphere.

The commanders managed to relax and Lorent replied with a smile.

“Exactly. There’s plenty of riches and honor to go around. You’ll just have to fight for it.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

With that decided, the commanders and Ansandra left the encampment, but Chief

Retainer Stephan remained behind to rebuke his lord.



“Young Master, about this strategy. It is crucial you know when to fall back.”

Their strategy was to ignore the many fortresses within Clanarian lands, march all the way to Curling at the heart of enemy territory, and crush them there. If it succeeded, it would indeed be a dramatic and speedy victory.

But of course, it was obvious the fortresses remaining behind them would act as reinforcements and attack their overextended battle line.

If the battle dragged on, the Domos army could easily be annihilated. Stephan wanted to make sure Lorent knew that a proper leader needed to know how to withdraw when it became clear they could continue no further.

“Yes, I’m well aware.”

He had personally raised this ruler from a young age, so they did not need to say much.

After confirming that in private, Stephan too began to leave. But he came to a halt when he saw something odd in the entrance.

“...?”

A half-naked woman stood there with chestnut hair disheveled and blood dripping from the corner of her mouth. She simply stood there like a ghost or demon.

“Dominic...”

Even Lorent gasped when he saw her sublime appearance.

The corners of Dominic’s mouth rose when she saw her beloved king. She then turned her head to the side and spat something from her mouth.

“Mh...!?”

It was unclear what it was, but Lorent and Stephan both sensed something terribly ominous and frowned.

“Those are that overly energetic boy’s balls. Your Majesty, you are the only one I will ever allow to touch my body, but he required some...convincing before he accepted that.”

That gloomy voice seemed to rise from the depths of the earth and a chill ran

down the spines of the top two men of a kingdom feared in other nations as death itself.

“Stephan, take those back to Burns right away. It is possible they can be reattached if he receives immediate magical healing.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Lorent had gone pale and Stephan swiftly obeyed his orders. He used a cloth to pick up the hunks of flesh that had belonged to that young hero and he left the encampment.

“ ... ”

A supposedly-parted couple remained in the encampment. Lorent walked over without saying a word and slapped Dominic’s madly-flushed cheek.

The unrestrained hit knocked her to the side.

He walked over to where she had fallen and pressed his boot against her face.

“Did you think I would happily accept you back if you did that?”

“ ... ”

“You have cost us a great warrior before a major battle.”

Having her beautiful face struck and being stepped on was an unforgivable insult, but Dominic endured in silence.

Once he was satisfied, Lorent removed his foot and gave an exasperated comment.

“Do you really want to be by my side that badly?”

“Yes, Your Majesty♪” Dominic looked up from the ground with an ingratiating smile. “I was your first woman. Our history of love is so much greater than those more recent mistresses of yours. If you are sick of me, do not hand me off to some other man. I would rather you personally took my life.”

Lorent gave a look of pity to this woman who was asking to be killed by his blade.

“You are a skilled and faithful aide, but to be honest, I could find others at your level. You will never be rewarded as a woman if you continued serving

me.”

Unlike Ansandra or Naja, Dominic had no political backing. The king gained nothing by having her as his aide. Even if she had his child, that child would be of fairly low status.

Plus, she had reached her thirties, so her looks would only decline. Surely she would be happier if she found a man who would love her while she was still beautiful.

“I do not mind. I am happy simply being able to serve you. I dedicated my life to you, so please keep me by your side.”

Lorent breathed a deep sigh when it became apparent this faithful retainer would not listen to reason. Then he regathered his thoughts and raised his voice in anger.

“Strip! Right here and now!”

“Of course♪”

Dominic cheerfully began removing her clothing which was torn in places.

Once the decidedly unsexy outfit of a government official was stripped away, she was revealed to be wearing bright purple underwear that dug into her marble-white skin.

Unlike the younger girls who simply relied on their youth, Dominic was an adult woman who put effort into being beautiful.

She wore underwear that was designed to appeal to a man and she even pedicured her toes. She had not overlooked a single detail.

That effort had paid off, so the lovely body contained inside the purple-dyed glossy silk lingerie gave off irresistible sex appeal.

But Lorent viewed her with disinterested reptilian eyes, so Dominic sadly removed her slip, bra, panties, garter belt, and stockings in that order.

She revealed breasts that looked massive on her slender frame. On her lower body, her thick hips pushed out from her slender waist and her thighs were nice and plump.

She was a mature woman in her thirties. She had a kind of sex appeal that a younger girl like Ansandra or Naja did not.

Once nude, Dominic remained seated on the ground, spread her legs wide, and raised her hands with a smile of ecstasy on her face.

“Every part of this body belongs to you♪”

The two mounds on her chest were white and the tips were the color of red wine.

The nipples and areolae were normal sized, but they looked a bit small given the overall size of the breasts.

The areolae were smooth, with hardly any bumps, and the nipples had an indentation at the tip like they had been pierced with a needle.

Spreading her plump legs left her slit entirely exposed.

The fleshy mound surrounding the slit was not very thick, so the internal folds stuck out and spread to either side.

Her labia were quite large and likely stuck out at all times. The edge was a bit grayed, but the inside was a bright and deep red.

A closer look showed that a flesh bud about the size of her little finger's nail was poking out from the top of the fleshy seam.

The mature sexual flower expanded and contracted slightly and grew wet with a clear nectar to attract a man.

Lorent's behavior remained cold as he looked down on that mature horniness.

“Do it yourself. I'll watch.”

Dominic looked surprised and a little unsure of herself, but then she obeyed with the look of a puppy afraid her owner would abandon her.

She was a mature thirty-year-old woman.

She knew her erogenous zones well. After wetting her fingers in her mouth one at a time, she lifted her bell-shaped breasts with her saliva-coated fingers and stroked the wine-red nipples at the tips.

“Ah... P-please watch closely. My body is your personal sex toy. I am your faithful pet and your cock slave. I am an animal for you alone

♪”

Dominic’s body burned fiercely as she masturbated while feeling her beloved man’s heated gaze all over her body.

She massaged her breasts which were too large for her slender body and she released passionately heated breaths.

“Ahn, ahn, ahn... I dedicate this masturbation to you, Your Majesty, ahh... Masturbating while you watch feels incredible...

♪”

Her large areolae were brightly colored and her nipples stuck out. She pinched those nipples between her fingers which danced seductively about.

After giving Lorent an upturned look and lifting her large breasts, she stuck her red tongue out from her thin scarlet lips and began licking and sucking her nipples.

She took turns sucking on the nipples which glistened with saliva and she never ceased giving the man pleading looks with the corners of her eyes flushed.

“What’s the matter? You’re neglecting your bottom half.”

On Lorent’s cold command, Dominic immediately moved her right hand down, covered her pussy lips with her index, middle, and ring finger, and began rubbing them in an extremely skilled caress.



“I-is this to your liking? Ahhh~♪ Watch, please watch closely.”

Her left arm lifted up her left breast, that hand massaged the entire right



breast, the fingertips pinched the stiffly erect nipple, her legs spread wide, her hips lifted up, and she wiggled her body while exposing her nether regions to Lorent.

She seemed aroused by the humiliating pose because her cheeks flushed red and sweat covered her body.

“You still haven’t touched the part you most enjoy, Dominic. Is this really enough to satisfy you?”

“My apologies...nkh♪”

She removed her left hand from her breast and lowered it to her erect clitoris.

“That’s all wrong. We both know you like to have that hood peeled away and have the contents strongly toyed with.”

“Of course. I love it when you bare my clitoris and lick it.”

While watched by the man who knew her every preference, she returned her left fingers to her scarlet lips, applied plenty of saliva, and teased that sensitive weak point. Her mature body shook from the powerful stimulus.

“Ahh, ahhh. Your Majesty, masturbating while you watch feels incredible, ahhh

♪”

She teased her bared and fully-erect clitoris with her thumb while she shoved her index, middle, and ring fingers into her vagina.

“Ahh, Your Majesty~ Your Majesty... Your Majestyyy, Your Majestyyy

♪

While looking up at the man, the naked animal spread her legs wide, lifted her hips, wiggled them obscenely around, groped her tits, sucked on her nipples, teased her exposed clit, and plunged three fingers into her vagina.

The soaking-wet secret entrance easily swallowed the three fingers to the base.

She then started pumping her fingers in and out, causing her raised hips to convulse and wiggle lewdly.

“While you’re at it, you have another hole. Stick three fingers in there too.”

Dominic’s eyes widened in surprise. Of course, she was not an anal virgin. The cruel man before her eyes had stuck his fingers, tongue, or dick in there countless times. But using her own fingers was a different matter. Her pride as a woman briefly rose to the surface.

She looked up resentfully and saw those beautiful *sanpaku* eyes staring coldly down at her. Her pride instantly vanished. If she did not obey, he would abandon her forever.

She took the fingers that had been teasing her clitoris, stuck them in her mouth to put even more saliva on them, and moved the arm around behind her back. And in her desire to not be abandoned, she placed the middle finger on her ass’s entrance.

“Aghh.”

Three of Dominic’s long, slender fingers entered up to the base. She could not keep her mouth closed and writhed on the ground with drool dripping from the corners of her mouth.

“Your right thumb should be able to reach your clit. Stir up your vagina and anus until they break.”

Her heart and body moaned in protest, but Dominic faithfully obeyed.

“Ahh, awawa, ah...”

She felt shameful. Dominic felt so shameful she thought she would cry. Why did she feel shameful? Because she was deriving pleasure from this and moving her fingers in search of even greater pleasure. And because she derived the greatest pleasure of all from having Lorent watch.

“Ahh, hhh, ghh...”

Her moans sounded more like groans and would not inspire much sensuality in anyone who heard them. But the wet sound from her sensitive flesh, her red-flushed and trembling body, and her desperate expression were a different matter.



“Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh...”

Embarrassment acted as an aphrodisiac for her. Love nectar flowed out, her fingers stirred it up, and an obscenely wet sound echoed out.

“Aghhh.”

Dominic was prideful enough to bite off the privates of a man who attempted to woo her.

But that pride was supported by her position as Lorent’s woman.

In her desperation to not be abandoned, she obscenely masturbated with drool dripping from the corner of her mouth and thinking about how best to seduce this man.

Her normally milk-colored skin had grown red from embarrassment.

“Ah, hh, gh... I-I’m about to cum. Y-Your Majesty, watch as your pet cums. I-I’m cumming, Your Majestyyyyy!!!”

With her legs still spread, Dominic thrust her hips high, bent backwards, and convulsed.

“Ahh...ahh...ahh...mhh.”

After bringing herself to climax, she kept her legs spread and hips raised as she looked up at the man.

“As you can see, I am a pet for you alone. I will do anything for you. So please don’t throw me out. I beg of you, leave me by your side. That is all I need to be happy.”

She tearfully moved her trembling hands to her crotch and used both index and middle fingers to spread her pussy lips wide.

“This is your personal sex toy. This pussy belongs to you and only you. I will never allow another man to touch it. So please. Y-Your Majesty...give me your love...please give me your love...”

She cast aside her dignity as a woman to beg.

There was no sign of the rational staff officer and aide in this tearful plea with soaked labia spread. She was only an animal drowning in lust.

Lorent sighed at her sacrificial plea.

“Fine, then. But this is enough for you.”

He removed his right boot and pressed his big toe against her secret hole.

“Eh!? Ah...ah!”

Dominic’s eyes widened in surprise as the man’s toe entered her vagina.

“Eeeee!?”

His large toe was half swallowed inside her.

It was apparently a tight fit even for a horny thirty-year-old pervert with plenty of sexual experience. Her lips opened, drool sprayed out, and her entire body shook.

“Ahhhh, hh, hh...”

Her coldly ordered facial features twisted in agony.

But it was pleasure that ruled those features. Even if it was his humiliating foot, accepting Lorent’s body was the greatest pleasure for her. Her breaths were damp and sweet.

“Ee, eeee, eeee.”

As Lorent pushed his foot in, Dominic’s sensual body twitched and danced about.

When his toe reached her cervix, the poor woman foamed at the mouth and raised stiff cries.

As he seemed to poke at her greatest depths, obscenely wet sounds escaped her tightly stretched vaginal entrance.

“Agahhhhh... It’s going to break, m-my pussy is going to break!”

“Then should I stop?”

Lorent’s voice was oddly kind and he lifted up his foot a bit.

But Dominic madly shook her head, grabbed that beloved man’s ankle, and pushed it in herself.

“No, no, it’s fine! It’s fine if you break my pussy! Stir my pussy up with your

foot! I would like nothing more than to be broken by you! Completely destroy my pussy!”

“I see. So this is what you want?”

“Agahhh...”

His kind voice was belied by how harshly he resumed the foot-fuck. The mercilessly rough action shook her womb.

As he kicked at her cervix, Dominic cried out like an animal and writhed about.

“Ghh...gmh...ee...hagahhh.”

She continued raising her voice in a mixture of agony and sexuality until her eyes rolled back in her head and she pissed herself.

“Kheeee...ee..I’m cummmiiiiing!”

She moaned loudly as she wet herself and her entire body shook in orgasm.

“I can’t believe this. I honestly didn’t think such an affected woman would be so masochistic. ...Do you want this?”

With his foot still in her vagina, Lorent exposed the impressive item at his crotch.

“Yes...I want it... Please...please give me your love...”

Sweat soaked her face and thick saliva formed strings within her widely opened mouth. Her face was unbelievably sexual and abnormally obscene.

Madness appeared in her deep emerald eyes as she sat up, grabbed the penis with both hands, and prepared to put it in her mouth, but Lorent stopped her.

“Hold on. You really think I’m going to accept a blowjob from a woman who bites off men’s balls?”

“But I would never harm yours.”

Dominic started to get up to plead her case, but she could not with his foot in her vagina and she could only send a heated gaze his way.

She simply opened and closed her thin lips greedily.



“Sit there with your mouth open.”

“O-of course...”

She did not know where this was headed, but she opened her mouth wide.

And Lorent urinated on her.

It was perfectly aimed into her mouth, but drops fell on her face and chest, wetting her entire body.

Dominic did not hesitate to swallow the man’s urine.

Once he was done, Lorent asked her a question.

“How does it feel to drink piss?”

“I’m so happy♪ I am your personal sex toy...so I will gladly accept your waste.”

Not only did she not hesitate, but her cheeks flushed with pleasure, so Lorent smiled bitterly.

“Then how about this?”

With that, Lorent’s penis exploded in his hand. A great quantity of milky fluid sprayed out, flew through the air, and got on Dominic’s pubic hair, stomach, navel, chest, breasts, nipples, collarbones, neck, chin, lips, nose, eyes, ears, forehead, and hair.

“Ahhhh.”

With a cry of despair, Dominic’s cum-soaked body arched backwards and went limp.

“There’s no helping you.”

Dominic had apparently climaxed again from the semen shower, so Lorent looked down at her half in exasperation and pulled his foot out. With a loud wet sound, he freed her vagina. However, the flesh cave sat open as if it had forgotten to close.

Dominic soaked in the sensual afterglow and Lorent stuck his foot soaked in female juices in front of her face.

“Lick it off. You dirtied it with that mouth down there, so clean it with this

mouth up here.”

Ecstasy filled her face as she got on all fours, took his toes into her mouth, and happily sucked at them.

“Ahhn, simply delicious♪”

“Yes, be thorough. The next time we do this, I might just put it in you.”

Lorent looked down at her with a sadistic smile. And Dominic looked truly happy as she sucked at his toes.

Her gamble had paid off.

At this point, they had more or less been reconciled.

(He will never again hand me off to a retainer.)

Even if he treated her like a sex slave or love slave, she was happy as long as she was by his side. And he would be well aware of that now.

While licking and sucking his foot, her deep emerald eyes were fixated on his cock as it grew erect once more.

## Chapter 2: Magic Obsessed Princess

“Everyone, I brought us a new kitten to play with.”

Around ten girls were hanging around in Naja’s encampment for the flying dragon unit.

They were the leaders of the unit, making them Naja’s aides.

They all looked a lot like Naja. They were beautiful muscular girls with dark-tanned skin. They wore leather clothing, but to lower the weight for the dragons, it barely covered any of their skin and was so thin and skintight that the bumps of their nipples and shape of their secret slit showed through.

“Eh? Wait, isn’t that His Majesty’s new girl?”

“Right, right. It’s the Clanarian princess who stole mistress’s man from her.”

“Oh, Mistress Naja. Are you finally beginning your direct attack on your rival? I wouldn’t want anything less from my mistress.”

“Underhanded and treacherous. That’s our mistress.”

“That’s always how it is when a woman is thrown out by her man. Even though taking revenge on the other woman won’t bring back your lost love. It’s the sad nature of women.”

Naja shouted angrily back at her unrestrained aides.

“I have not been thrown out by His Majesty and don’t even imply that I have been. Keep saying it and I’ll shove my fist up your pussy until you’ve learned your lesson.”

“Kyah! There it is. Mistress’s special attack; the Fistfuck!”

“Yes, please! I want you to do it to me!”

When her aides began cheerfully volunteering for that extremely shameful treatment, even Naja shut up.

“You all could really stand to have more shame.”

The girls laughed off Naja's wholehearted warning.

"Oh, c'mon, Mistress Naja. You can be so virtuous in the weirdest places."

"That's right. You need to forget about being a general. How can you even talk about shame when you're the one that gave me a golden shower and took my chastity until I passed out back when I was a virgin who'd never even masturbated?"

Naja gave a stubborn snort and wrapped her arms around Ansandra's shoulders while the girl stood in a daze at this incomprehensible world before her. And Naja whispered like a kind big sister speaking to her cute little sister.

"Surprised? Well, all of them used to be as innocent as you were. They would tremble in my arms, but now they're just horny all the time. I wonder if the same will happen to you once I'm done with you."

Ansandra shook her head.

"Now, now. No need to be shy. C'mon, take off those frilly clothes."

*I knew this was coming*, thought Ansandra as she bluntly refused while knowing it was meaningless.

"No."

Naja did not seem remotely bothered by that and simply gave a quick command to the dark-tanned girls.

"Strip her."

"Yes, mistress."

The ten or so girls spoke up in unison and grabbed at Ansandra's body.

"No, wait, stop it..."

Ansandra tried to resist, but she was too weak to handle a single veteran soldier girl, much less around ten of them. Her dress was torn away in no time and she was laid down on the floor.

"Mistress Naja, she's ready."

"Good work."

The swarm of girls stepped back to reveal Ansandra looking like a bare doll with blonde hair spread out around her. Her lovely lips were pressed together to bear the embarrassment.

“Also, can I keep the underwear this queen was wearing? It’s super see-through and covered in lace, so it’s really sexy. I absolutely love it.”

“Sure, go right ahead.”

“No fair! What about the rest of us?”

Naja ignored the other booing girls and stripped off her own leather bra and panties to boldly expose her splendid body. She walked over to Ansandra, grabbed her jaw to lift her face, and swept her gaze across the girl from top to bottom.

“Beautiful...”

Domos did not exactly put a huge emphasis on aesthetics and Naja was even less concerned with it than most, but even she had to admit this was a superb body.

They were both women, but Ansandra was made entirely differently from a dragon-rider.

Naja and the other girls here had built up muscles and tans from soaring across the battlefield on flying dragons, so they had a wild sort of healthy beauty and anyone would have called them beautiful.

But Ansandra’s beauty was that of a refined lady. Her pure white skin looked like it had never been fully exposed to the sun and her soft body carried feminine fat.

The only real flaw was the skinniness brought by her young age, but even that had the appeal of being a bud that would grow into a proper lady.

“She’s a lot different from Mistress Naja. I can see why His Majesty is so fixated on her.”

“Yes, I can see why our mistress was discarded.”

As her aides peered in from behind and made more unrestrained comments, Naja smacked them on the head. She then gave Ansandra an affectionate smile, stuck her fingers in the girl's silky blonde hair, and enjoyed the sensation of running her fingers through it like a comb.

"On the battlefield the trust between superior and subordinate is crucial. If we don't know each other down to our assholes, we can't pull off any bold strategies that require absolute trust. As queen, you're our superior, so let's get to know each other."

Naja lovingly narrowed her eyes and looked down at Ansandra with the sadistic look of a cat toying with a mouse before eating it.

She gently rubbed her fingers along Ansandra's lips, cheeks, chin, throat, neck, collarbones, chest, nipples, belly, navel, lower stomach, pubic hair, and inner thighs. She seemed to be savoring the lovely form, but then she took a water bottle from one of the observing knight girls, took a swig, and stole those coral-like lips with the liquid still in her mouth.

Ansandra had no choice but to swallow the sweet liquid that poured into her mouth.

"Well? Did you like it?"

Naja let out a sensual breath as she released the girl's lips and stroked the obedient kitten's hair some more.

Ansandra nodded and not just to be polite. That had been sweeter and tastier than the juices served at Clanarian banquets.

"Of course you did. It's melted perpetual snow mixed with nectar of the banshee flower that only blossoms deep in the mountains where the snow never melts. Have another sip."

Naja took another drink and kissed Ansandra like before. But this time the nectar came with a lot of saliva as well. Ansandra worked her small throat to swallow it.

"Nn, nn, nnn..."

Naja lay on top of Ansandra's naked body while enjoying the beautiful but



obscene and immoral kiss. Their twin peaks pressed together and their nipples rubbed against each other. Their inner thighs slid against each other and a golden bush touched a red one.

“Phew.”

Naja finally got up from the long kiss that used her whole body and a seductively glittering string of saliva remained between their lips.

“His Majesty knows how to pleasure a woman, but as a man, he always relies on that incredible cock in the end. While I have no complaints about that, there are ways for a woman to pleasure another woman.”

After sweetly whispering, Naja brought her face close with nothing in her mouth, stuck out her tongue, and began licking at Ansandra’s face. Her soft tongue caressed the girl’s lips, chin, cheeks, forehead, eyelids, nose, and even her nostrils.

Thanks to the previous juice, Naja’s breath was sweet. Ansandra felt like she had been turned into a sweetly melting piece of candy. At the same time, Naja’s arms and fingers crawled along Ansandra’s soft skin, skillfully searched out slight erogenous zones Ansandra herself was unaware of, like her spine and tailbone, and used the warmth of their skin contact to arouse Ansandra.

“Ahh, stop...”

Ansandra pleaded but could not hide the lust in her voice. Lucy had once had her way with her and Dominic had harassed her, so she felt no displeasure at having another woman feeling over her body. But unlike Lucy’s out-of-control passion or

Dominic’s jealous hatred, Naja’s touch showed the technique of an experienced lesbian, so she cried out in surprise.

Ansandra was no longer a virgin. She knew the pleasure of being held in Lorent’s manly arms, of receiving his wild caresses, of being penetrated by his thick cock, and of being filled with his hot eruption.

The pleasure of being fucked by a man was entirely different from the pleasure she felt now. Naja provided a delicate pleasure that gradually built up. It was a peaceful intoxication like floating in the calm sea. Ansandra could

barely stand it.

“Ahh, hh, ahh, ahn, nn...”

Even as heat filled her breaths, she began to wonder if this was all. But at that very moment, Naja’s fingertips pushed back the hood covering Ansandra’s most hidden bud and she stroked the contents.

“Ahhhhh...”

Ansandra convulsed and arched her back like a jolt of electricity had run through her.

Even after the sharp and intense climax, Ansandra gasped for breath like she had just sprinted at full speed and the movement caused her tensed breasts to jiggle.

What had that been? Unable to speak, she simply stared up at Naja. She had learned from experience that that was the most sensitive part of a woman’s body.

Lorent had brought her to tears several times by thoroughly tormenting it. But this had clearly gone beyond that past pleasure.

“Hee hee hee. Surprised? The female body hides many secrets. And two women will greedily seek further pleasure, so passing out from pleasure is fairly common.”

Naja smiled and then stuck out her tongue to suggestively lick her lips. Then she grabbed the clitoris again, rubbed it, and rolled it to the left and right.

“Eek!”

“I bet you had no idea your body could feel so sensitive if you let the pleasure gradually build.”

Ansandra was trembling. She felt like that was not enough to explain this pleasure, so she began to suspect that banshee nectar concoction had hid some kind of secret.

And with no concern for Ansandra’s suspicions, Naja looked behind her.

“You all lick her too. Let’s introduce our queen to another world filled with

flower gardens.”

“Yes, I was waiting for this. My pussy is soaked just from watching.”

The girls who had been taught Naja’s lesbian technique stripped off their thin leather clothing and gathered around Ansandra’s body.

“Queen, you have such amazing tits.”

“And your skin is like silk.”

A girl on either side began groping a breast each. Not only did mouths reach her nipples, but one sealed her lips with an intense kiss and more fingers and tongues gently massaged her earlobes, nape, ear holes, spine, shoulder blades, armpits, back of the knees, navel, between her fingers, the back of her upper arms, the arch of her feet, between her toes, her sides, thighs, butt, and the whorl of gathered peach fuzz on her back.

“Hh, ah, no, stop, hee...ah...hah...ah, ah, ah, ahh, pant, pant, pant, no...I’m... ah, ahh...!”



The skilled girls' attack was merciless, intense, and thorough. They of course stuck fingers in her vagina, but they also bared her clitoris, penetrated her anus, and poked at her urethra with their tongue tip. And licking must not have been enough for some because they began lightly biting her. When they pressed their front teeth against her inner thigh, flower petals, and even clitoris, a pleasurable pain made her feel faint.

Around ten girls were attacking a single girl. And the attacking girls never tired.

They just continued to bring Ansandra to orgasm.

"Ah...ah, no...hee...h, hh, ah, kh...hh, I'm...ahh, I'm cumming...ahhhh!"

As she repeatedly writhed in pleasure and rose to climax, Ansandra's intelligent and educated beauty was entirely ruined. Her face trembled in pleasure, she moaned erotically, and she gave off a seductive scent, so the female knights only grew more and more engrossed in attacking her.

But the more she orgasmed, the more earnest desire rose into her mind.

She wanted a man. She wanted Lorent's penis stirring up her vagina. But there were only women here. No matter how many times their caress made her cum, she just wanted Lorent even more and an impatient desire built within her. Their fingers and tongues were not enough to satisfy her.

She wanted His Majesty's dick. And Naja accurately observed that silent cry of her heart.

"Queen, you must be wanting a man about now. And isn't His Majesty always telling you to say you want it out loud?"

Ansandra sensed a blatant trap in Naja's grin, but she was too worked up to worry about that.

"I-I want it. I need it. Ah, ahh, please, ahn, I want it. Give me His Majesty's cock so its size can fill me up."

She knew he was not here and they could not grant her this, but she had been taught she would be given what she wanted if she begged as obscenely as possible, so she simply said all the indecent words that came to mind.

“Pant, pant, pant. Cock. I need cock inside me or I’ll go crazy. Your Majesty, Your Majesty, please give me your love.”

When she saw Ansandra pleading with such dirty language, Naja finally ordered her subordinate girls to stop.

“I understand that desire for a man.”

Ansandra lay in a daze with her legs spread wide and her body sticky with a sexual sweat and saliva. Naja held the butt end of a flying dragon rider’s metal spear in front of the girl’s face.

“When a woman grows to like how a man feels, another woman can seem lacking. But not to worry. We have tools to make up for that.”

Ansandra’s misty eyes viewed the long and glittering spear Naja had pulled out.

“This is my beloved spear. I’ve named it Flesh Cleaver. It has visited countless battlefields in my hand and drank the lifeblood of countless people.”

It was of course the spear she had used against Lucy.

“But that’s not where it gets its name. Doesn’t the other end look like something? You should know given how much you like sucking His Majesty’s dick. Yes, that’s right. It’s shaped just like a man’s penis.”

When Ansandra realized what Naja was saying, she scooted back.

“I’ll shove this spear right – in – your – pretty – pussy.”

As if that really were Lorent’s flesh rod, Naja lovingly stroked the metal rod, kissed it, and stuck out her red tongue to lick it.

“Eek...”

Ansandra backed away in fear, but Naja’s girls held in her place, grabbed her ankles, and raised them in a V-shape.

Naja flipped the spear around and held the butt end toward Ansandra’s crotch.

The spear held against her looked a lot thicker than Lorent’s. And, as a spear,

it was obviously longer. It could pierce her from vagina to mouth and have room to spare.

“Stop, don’t do this. If you put that inside me, I’ll tear apart.”

Ansandra shed large tears and desperately pleaded, but Naja did not care.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry. You’ll love it once you’ve tried it.”

The queen’s desperate and tearful cries were answered by the spear-wielding flying dragon knight’s attack.

“Sob...no, please, I beg of you, ah, ahhhhhh!”

The spear had no blood flowing through it, but it had drunk the blood of many people. It currently parted the girl’s flesh gate and filled the narrow cave beyond.

“Gulp. Now this is intense. Look at that thick thing gradually entering that tiny pussy.”

One of the girls holding Ansandra down gulped and voiced her impression.

“Gah...”

Ansandra opened her mouth wide and tilted her head back. She had only ever had Lorent’s thing inside her, but now she was penetrated by a metal penis. It was as much of a shock as when she had first accepted a man inside.

Her eyes widened, her mouth trembled, tears dripped down her white cheeks, and sweat poured down her body.

Her own body brought her despair by feeling so fulfilled by having the metal rod filling her vagina, even though she was being treated so inhumanely.

“There’s the dead end. It won’t go in any further than this.”

The intense shock to her womb made Ansandra feel like the spear was about to burst out of her mouth.

“Let’s see here.” Naja peered down at the point of union. “I can tell you’ve been taking His Majesty’s giant cock on a daily basis. Not a single drop of blood from tearing. Okay, let’s all control this thing together.”

Naja pulled on the metal spear. Ansandra’s pink petals were pulled out and

the metal road soaked with love juices came into view. Then she pushed it back in.

And the process repeated.

“Agh, ah...ah, hh, mgh, gyah, pant, pant, gah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah...ah...ah...”

The sight of the brutal spear moving in and out of the lovely girl’s vagina was extremely lurid. But the breaths escaping her lips eventually changed from cries of protest to moans of pleasure.

“Oh, the queen’s enjoying it now. Such a dirty girl.”

“I’d slept around a fair bit before, but when our mistress first gave me the spear, it was too much for me to enjoy.”

“She’s so cute. I think I’ve fallen for our new queen. Queen, can you pleasure me too?”

One of the girls suddenly placed her soaking wet crotch against Ansandra’s moaning face

“No fair! I’ve fallen for her too. How could I not with this beautiful and sensitive body of hers?”

“I love the queen too, so let’s all enjoy her together.”

The flying dragon girls once more began groping Ansandra’s naked body. But this time, they also worked at pleasuring themselves.

One girl took Ansandra’s slender hand, licked the fingers to coat them with saliva, and then brought it to her crotch to masturbate with it. Similarly, a girl licked off Ansandra’s toes, straddled her foot, and grinded up against it.

“Nn. How lovely. Your foot feels amazing, queen...”

“Ahhhn. The queen’s fingers are flicking my clit!”

A girl pleasuring herself with Ansandra’s body groped another girl who was attacking Ansandra and that girl also pleased another girl. They had set up a chain reaction of group lesbian pleasure. The dragon rider girls kissed, embraced, caressed, and greedily devoured each other’s bodies.

With the metal spear still in her vagina and several soft girls groping her



entire body, Ansandra felt more pleasure than ever before, but she also cried. She felt anxiety and fear because her body would not obey her. And she felt self-pity that her home kingdom was walking the path to destruction.

That feeling of pity toward herself acted as an aphrodisiac inviting her to the path of pleasure.

“Ghah...”

Just as the bottom of the spear struck her womb a few times, all of Ansandra’s muscles relaxed.

A powerful current erupted from just a bit above the tight hole being split open by Flesh Cleaver.

The pale yellow stream formed an arching liquid bridge, struck the floor, and grew into a puddle.

“Every last one of them is pathetic! Do they have no balls!?”

A violet-haired female knight who was extremely tall for a woman and wore a white uniform stormed angrily forward.

It was Lucy who had just arrived at the capital of Curling with the defeated army.

In their loss of the Battle of Corlal Field, Clanaria’s army had lost General Albare, Vanguard General Madelene, Right General Chamomile, and Left General Hopard, along with ten 10,000-man unit leaders, eighty 1000-man unit leaders, three hundred 100-man unit leaders, a thousand 10-man unit leaders and more than three thousand knight captains and infantry captains. The total number of dead or captured was thought to reach 20,000.

It was truly a depressing loss.

When he received word, King Baldwin was said to have fallen ill from stress, they had been attacked again as they retreated, and Clanaria barely functioned as a kingdom anymore.

Meanwhile, the Domos army had not stopped. They continued attacking the checkpoints and small fortresses for the wealthy that could not put up much resistance as they marched on Curling with unbelievable speed.

“A single Domos soldiers is worth more than 10 Clanarian ones.”

That greatly exaggerated claim was now being accepted as fact.

Because the invading Domos army used Ansandra’s name to guarantee the vested interests of any who surrendered, the cities that could not hope for any protection from the center of the kingdom were defecting one after another.

As the situation only kept getting worse, Prime Minister Stuart was prepping the

Clanarian army for a counterattack, but the constant reports of further lost battles created a painfully heavy atmosphere.

“We have still only lost once. We cannot allow our kingdom to fall from a single lost battle!”

Someone worked to calm the tigress who was raging at how worthless her allies were.

“Madam Lucy, please do not lash out like that. Our kingdom has been so blessed with victory lately that we are not used to losing.”

It was a tall man who looked to be in his mid-twenties.

The young commander’s entire body was muscular and he had powerful masculine features, so he looked like a born knight. He appeared to be a brave and capable man.

“Mh, who are you!?”

“We have met a few times before in the Ministry of the Military.”

Lucy stared intently at him and then successfully dredged up the proper memory.

“Oh, father’s...”

“I am Uldarg who served as Lord Albare’s aide.”

Her father had introduced them a few times with an apparent ulterior motive.

When Lucy glared at him while exuding killer intent from her entire body, the man shrank back and placed a hand on his chest.

“Lord Albare treated me so kindly yet I allowed the enemy to reach him and failed to even take his body back from the battlefield. I could never make up for that even if my body were torn to pieces. I believe the only way to even somewhat calm this feelings is to offer Lorent’s head to him.”

“I see. That’s what I like to hear. But I will be the one to take Lorent’s head.”

Uldarg did not bother to hold his tongue.

“I will not let you have it. I already swore to Lord Albare’s spirit that I would take Lorent’s head.”

“Heh. Then it’s a race.”

Having found a kindred spirit, Lucy smiled for the first time in a while.

Before long, counterattack preparations began among the young hawks like Uldarg and Lucy.

And Clanaria gained an unexpected savior.

“War is a game of chance. Luck can influence whether you win or lose, so there is sometimes nothing you can do. But if you chicken out before the fight even begins, not even luck can bring you victory. The capital’s defense forces remain untouched and many returned soldiers and volunteer soldiers have joined them. And then you have my sorcery unit. The hideous savages of Domos must be driven from this civilized land at all costs.”

The one who entered the council of leaders and spoke up to scold those commanders was Clanaria 1st Princess Virginia.

She had long golden hair and azure eyes. She had the same milky white skin as her younger sister Ansandra, but her three more years of life had allowed her body to grow.

She was tall and had long legs.

The size of her bust was reminiscent of a cow’s udders, her waist was slender and tight, and she had wide childbearing hips.

Her high-powered body was contained by a skintight, royal blue suit that left her thighs and the tops of her breasts exposed. She also had magic jewels equipped all across her body. She wore a long, grape-colored cape and stilettos,

so her taste in clothing always caused the sensible courtiers to place their head in their hands.

She had fine and deeply-cut facial features, but they had none of the undeveloped ephemerality of her younger sister.

The bridge of her nose stood tall, she boldly wore red rouge and blue eyeshadow, and her eyes held a pride that would bend to no one's will.



“Gather the defense units from around the kingdom. Fighting skirmishes scattered all over the land will only waste the soldier’s lives. We can take back any lost territory afterwards. We will decide this at Curling!”

Virginia gave decisive instructions in place of her father the king who was too ill to leave bed.

“I never thought Princess Virginia would be so powerful in the face of adversity...”

Lucy stared in awe.

She had thoroughly underestimated the 1st Princess’s character.

As a woman of the military, Lucy had found Virginia’s obsession with magic baffling and she had thought it was pointless for a royal to dedicate themselves to a single field, magic or otherwise.

She wanted to believe her opinion had not been influenced by Virginia being a rival in love. Regardless, she had to reassess her opinion of the woman.

“It’s like a chrysalis hatching into a butterfly.”

The Clanarian army had entirely lost its morale after their series of defeats, so the presence of such a lively princess meant a lot.

Even if she misjudged something and gave mistaken instructions, she had the flexibility to correct herself and she breathed life back into the organization.

This was unlike when only the young commanders like Lucy and Uldarg were active. Lucy felt like some giant gears had started to turn and set the entire kingdom in motion, so she was ashamed of her poor opinion of Virginia.

“Okay, now we can win this.”

Princess Virginia had taken full responsibility over the Clanarian army’s counterattack. Retired General Zoral acted as her aide.

With young commanders like Uldarg and Lucy there as well, the army was quickly reforming.

Virginia gathered all the surviving military experts, had them meet together with them, and had them suggest what plan they thought was best. She then

approved the proposed plan.

Lucy had actively stepped forward to assist the wild princess.

“I think the enemy will march straight for Curling. A rapid victory in a short-term battle is their only hope. We need to fortify our defenses and stop them here.”

“Oh? What a passive plan. Didn’t you know that fortifying oneself in a castle has always been a last resort while waiting for reinforcements? In any other situation, you will just starve to death.”

Virginia leaned back in her seat and lazily rested her head in her hand while toying with a colorful feathered fan in her right hand. She also crossed her legs quite high as if to accentuate the carnal curves of her legs.

Her unbelievably short skirt meant this provided a perfect view of her black panties, but she did not seem to care.

Looking down on people like that was like a hobby of Virginia’s, but she had to be exhausted after working so long without rest, so Lucy had suppressed her displeasure.

But hearing the princess’s response only irritated her further.

That had driven home that Virginia was an amateur who knew nothing of true war.

“That is nonsense spread by people ignorant of war. Since ancient times, it is usually the defending armies that emerge victorious.”

“Really?”

She was sexy. Any man would be irresistibly drawn to the sex appeal the princess gave off as she tilted her head, but the female knight who was to lead their main fighting force insisted on her own suggested strategy.

“We must set up fences around the castle, dig a moat, and thoroughly fortify our defenses. If we use all of the magic and arrows at our disposal, we can neutralize their cavalry and flying dragon attack. I’m sure the enemy will press on and try to force their way through, but that is when we strike them with our full strength.

Domos has no supply line, so they can't fight a lengthy battle. The only way they can win is by bringing down Curling in a quick battle and convincing the castle town to make an alliance."

Lucy took a breath to calm herself and continued before the other woman could interrupt.

"To do that, we need to gather all food outside of the castle and transport it inside the castle. All edible food must be taken from the fields: the rice, the wheat, the soybeans, and anything else whether it is fully ready or not."

Even that princess dressed like an evil witch was surprised by the female knight's radical suggestion. She shut her fan and adjusted her position in the chair.

"That would be expensive. Stuart and the internal bureaucrats will probably faint."

"We cannot spare any expense if we intend to win. We will lose it all if we are defeated regardless."

Virginia must have picked up on the great intensity of Lucy's words because she gave a powerful nod. Then she stood up, gave a swish of her cape, and made an announcement.





“Our defensive battle indeed must take precedence. Understood. I will have all materiel brought inside the castle.”

She had the look of a queen here and Lucy was so awestruck that she bowed her head.

(I underestimated her. She is sure to overcome this crisis and rule as Clanaria's queen.)

She found herself convinced of that.

With her spirit of loyalty stimulated, Lucy prepared to end the audience and leave.

But Virginia did something that caused Lucy to trip in her heart.

"Oh, Madelene, my husband. I will have vengeance on your behalf."

That evil sorceress who dressed like a dominatrix had folded her hands in a dreaming maiden's pose.

(Does she know I used to be in a relationship with Madelene?)

Lucy was unsure what to think and just froze up.

"...Ahh."

Virginia uttered a seductive moan unbefitting of her position and staggered. Shocked, Lucy rushed over to support her.

"Princess Virginia, you have done more than enough for now, so please get some rest. If you fall ill as well, Clanaria is truly done for."

"I know that. And don't worry. This dizziness is not due to exhaustion or illness. It just hit me kind of hard while taking this break

♪"

Virginia's cheeks were flushed and she suggestively turned her damp eyes toward her lower body, so Lucy followed her gaze.

Virginia's clothing was skintight, so the lines of her body showed through. And her abs were moving in an unnatural way.

Confused, Lucy asked a question.

"Princess, um...do you have some kind of moving object attached to your crotch?"

“Oh, you could tell? You have sharp eyes.”

Virginia gave a bewitching smile and hiked up her tight miniskirt.

She revealed her hips contained in gorgeous black panties that had a rose embroidery and were see-through in places.

“...!?”

Lucy was surprised enough to suddenly be shown the woman’s underwear, but then Virginia grabbed the cloth in the center of the sharply rising bikini line and pulled it to the side.

A golden bush and pink flesh entered Lucy’s vision.

Just because they were both women did not make it okay to suddenly show her the most important part of a woman’s body. Lucy frantically cleared her throat.

“Eh heh heh. This is my favorite of the magics I have invented

♪”

Virginia smiled proudly and stuck her fingers into her crotch.

She produced an obscenely wet sound as she pulled out a strange object.

“What...!?”

Lucy recognized its shape.

“I modeled this after Madelene’s symbol. Splendid, isn’t it?

♪”

The object glistening with Virginia’s love juices and moving around a bit was undoubtedly shaped the same as the manhood that had risen from Madelene’s crotch and fucked Lucy.

“Oh, the more I look at it, the more it looks like that symbol I fell in love with...”

Spellbound, Virginia wrapped her sensual lips around it.

Lucy had been aware of fake penises sold to women who wished to remain single, but she had never seen one. And she had certainly never heard of one

that moved on its own.

“What do you think? Wonderful, isn’t it? This is the artificial manhood I invited using my magic. Just by giving it a bit of magic power, it will move indefinitely and you can adjust the intensity of that movement. It truly is the ideal vibrator

♪ From what I’ve heard, you dislike men. In that case, how about I present you one to celebrate our victory? You can live a very satisfying life without a man as long as you have this.”

“No, thank you.”

Lucy was so worked up that her voice was a little shrill, but she managed to turn around and hurry off with the brisk movements of a knight.

“Hee hee. No need to be shy. You’re surprisingly pure. But don’t worry. I’ll secretly slip one into your other victory rewards. Oh, yes. This is incredible

♪ There really is no better way to relieve stress~♪”

Behind Lucy, Virginia was apparently reinserting the magic item into her vagina.

Her moaning voice revealed just how pleasurable it was.

“This kingdom might be doomed,” Lucy muttered to herself.

She also realized she was a bit interested in that magic item, which only put her in a worse mood.

“Lady Lucy, do you have a moment?”

When Lucy stormed out into the hallway, a puppy-like girl ran over to her.

It was Mimi who Ansandra had been sent from Domos as a secret messenger. She could not exactly return there, so she had been working as a maid in the royal palace ever since.

Even that carefree girl looked nervous given the situation.

“Um, Lady Lucy, is it true what they’re saying about Clanaria falling?”

The girl bluntly asked such an awkward question. Lucy briefly looked like she had swallowed some vinegar, but then she yelled angrily back.

“We will never fall! If we form a defensive line at Curling Castle and strike back, we can still fight!”

Mimi gave a start, but then breathed a sigh of relief.

“Yes, yes. that’s right~ Oh, I’m so glad♪ I’d be in trouble if this kingdom went away. I don’t know anyone in other kingdoms, I don’t know any kind of trade, and I’ve never been anything other than a maid. I thought some important man might notice me if I worked as a maid, but not one has spoken to me...”

As Mimi spoke on and on, Lucy felt a headache coming on, so she held her temples and thought about the counterattack plan.

(Luckily, the 500 knights under my direct command are still alive. They have proven they can fight on equal footing with Domos’s cavalry, so if we work together with ranged attacks from the castle, driving back the Domos army is entirely possible. That should work as an overall strategy, but the specific tactics are the real question...)

“Sigh. I just can’t seem to meet any good men. I think I’m fairly good looking, so what am I doing wrong? Princess Ansandra is my age and she’s married. And it seems a lot of my friends my age are sleeping around a fair bit behind the scenes, so why is it only me?”

A flash of insight hit Lucy, so she called sharply to Mimi who was still rambling on.

“Mimi!”

“Yes!?”

Mimi had entered her own world, but now she looked up at Lucy in surprise.

“You said you were rescued by some remnants of Sulbey’s knights on the way back from Domos, right? Do you think you could contact them?”

“Eh!? Yes, I think I could. Volk and the others told me the name of the city they’re hiding in and where their hideout is. Umm, I think it was...”

Mimi placed her index finger on her chin and desperately tried to remember, but Lucy stopped her.

“You don’t have to tell me everything. But you can contact them, right? Then I

have an important mission for you. Contact those Sulbey knights and have them start a rebellion in Domos territory.”

“Eh? But they might not do it just because I ask them to.”

The adorable girl waved her hands around in a full-body refusal, but the cool young woman urged her on.

“Don’t worry. Telling you where their hideout is tells us their intentions. I guarantee you they’ll cooperate, so go meet them. I can’t send anyone with you, but I promise you as much financial assistance as you need.”

“B-but shouldn’t you send someone more capable on a mission like this...?”

Mimi had a point, but Lucy rejected it.

“I cannot afford even a single soldier for this. Listen, Mimi. The survival of Clanaria is riding on this. Keep that in mind as you go.”

“The survival of the kingdom is counting on me again?”

Mimi sounded bewildered and displeased, but Lucy suddenly sealed the girl’s lips with her own.

“...!? Nn, mh, mhh...”

Lucy passionately sucked on the girl’s lips.

Mimi was stunned by the sudden action, so she remained frozen even after her lips were freed. Then the female knight peered into her eyes and whispered sweetly to her.

“If you promise to do it, I’m willing to join you in bed until morning.”

“...E-ehh? You mean...Mistress Lucy~♪”

Mimi’s cheeks grew as red as apples and her pupils formed spellbound heart shapes.

“I will of course be showing you so much love that you won’t sleep a wink until morning. And I will remove every last trace of your hymen.”

Mimi did not ask how.

Her mind was too full of seductive visions of herself being inundated by

forbidden pleasure as she gave herself over to an immoral and indecent relationship with her beloved Mistress Lucy.

“Yes, I am prepared to throw away my life for you, Mistress Lucy. I will make sure those bandits start a rebellion in Domos.”

“I’m counting on you.”

Mimi was clearly ready to get started and Lucy suddenly embraced her. She held

Mimi to her chest.

And then someone else’s voice cut in.

“Oh...? Lucy, so you really do swing that way.”

“Princess Virginia?!”

Lucy jumped while still holding the puppy-like girl.

Clanaria 1st Princess Virginia was leaning her upper body out a window to spy on the two of them.

And her face was only about 50cm away.

She had been listening in on and observing their conversation from that close and they had not noticed, but that was simply due to inattentiveness born of overconfidence, not some kind of magic power.

“P-Princess, how long were you eavesdropping on us?”

“Eavesdropping? You’re right in front of my room. I could hear the whole thing whether I wanted to or not.”

That was true enough. They had held their conversation in the corridor right next to Virginia’s office.

“I had heard the rumors that you were a lesbian, Captain Lucy. Since you visited Ansandra so frequently, I had been worried about her chastity.”

“Um, well...”

Lucy had in fact forced herself on Ansandra once, so she could not make any excuses here. When she trailed off, Virginia glared at her and then called over

the cute royal palace maid.

“Mimi, Mimi. Use this to remove every last trace of your hymen.”

Virginia held out the most obscene item imaginable: a pair of black string panties equipped with a double-headed dildo.

“Wow. Thank you, Princess.”

Mimi cheerfully accepted it like a child being given a treat.

“Hey. Mimi, wait.”

“I can use this to become one with Mistress Lucy.”

The soft lolita girl blushing as she held a massive double-headed dildo was a more overpowering image than Lucy had expected.

Lucy was probably the most courageous woman in Clanaria, but even she backed away with sweat on her spine.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Lucy and Mimi looked each other directly in the eye, but it was Lucy that looked away first and brushed a hand through her violet hair.

“Okay, okay. Mimi, come to my room.”

Lucy was more refusing to admit defeat than giving in as she turned around and took long strides down the hallway. Mimi dashed lightly after her.

“Ohhhh ho ho ho. Doing good deeds always makes me feel so good inside. Lucy, she is only a little girl, so be gentle.”

Lucy’s home was General Albare’s mansion, so it was in the finest area closest to

Curling’s royal palace. It was faster to walk than take a horse or carriage.

“Milady, welcome back.”

When Lucy brought Mimi back with her, around ten stern-faced maids and butlers were lined up to greet her.

As the only daughter of an important Clanarian retainer, Lucy had been born



into the lap of luxury.

Mimi had been chosen as Princess Ansandra's maid, so she too had come from a well-off family, but Lucy was on another level altogether.

"I'm exhausted, so I'm going to rest until tomorrow morning. First, bring me a powerful drink. What would you like, Mimi?"

"...Eh? Th-then I'll have apple juice."

"You heard her."

Lucy paid Mimi's awkwardness no heed and entered the salon where she loosened her uniform's chest and sank down into a sofa. Then she rested her arms on the back, leaned her head back, and closed her eyes a bit.

She realized she had not had time to return home since the loss at Corlal Field and returning to the castle. She had been so busy with military duties at the royal palace and training grounds.

She was worn out both physically and mentally.

This may have been the perfect time to get some rest. She was about to be busy again and she could not afford to collapse until Domos had been repelled.

Mimi did not know what to do, so she sat down in the opposite seat. Then an extremely graceful middle-aged maid carried in a tray bearing their drinks. The strong alcoholic drink was contained in a heavy and unrefined glass carved with an intricate design. The apple juice was in a thin crystal glass.

"Th-thank you...very much."

The maid looked at Mimi like she could not imagine why Lucy would be friends with such an ordinary girl, so Mimi felt even more awkward and bowed her head.

(Wow. I wonder if this one glass costs as much as a year of my pay.)

Since she would never be able to pay for it if she broke it, she held it firmly in both hands and took small sips.

Lucy took the glass of strong alcohol and chugged the liquid that burned on the way down. And she intentionally released an alcohol-smelling breath before

glaring at Mimi.

“Okay, Mimi. I’ll sleep with you as promised. No crying or shouting, okay? You need to be prepared.”

(Mistress Lucy is scaring me... But she’s so wonderful when she’s playing the bad girl

♪)

Mimi cowered like a frog being stared down by a snake and Lucy grabbed her shoulders and pushed her back onto the sofa.

“I’ll kiss you again, so stick out your tongue.”

Mimi answered Lucy’s sweet whisper by hesitantly sticking out her pink tongue.

Lucy smiled at her obedience, stuck out her own tongue, and licked the girl’s sticky tongue tip.

Mimi did not have an adult beauty by any means, but she had the cuteness of a small animal with puffy cheeks.

Her heated and wet breaths had the bittersweet scent of fruit, which reminded Lucy of kissing Ansandra and aroused her. Kissing a girl really was different from kissing a man.

Meanwhile, Mimi was enraptured and intoxicated by the divine beauty of that woman who seemed like a goddess or even a male god.

Lucy audibly sucked at Mimi’s cute little tongue while letting her own saliva flow into the girl’s mouth. Mimi gulped and swallowed it.

“Eh heh heh...♪”

Lucy laughed in satisfaction and continued the long and seductively deep kiss between girls while she reached out both hands and toyed with Mimi’s boobs through her blouse. She then moved one hand up the girl’s skirt and rubbed gently at her slender inner thighs while slowly moving upwards. Then she touched the girl’s crotch.

While exchanging warm saliva, having her breast fondled by Lucy’s left hand,

and her crotch felt up by Lucy's right hand, Mimi uttered anguished groans and moved her arms and legs in confusion.

"Nh, nhh, nhhh...ah."

Just as Mimi moaned and bent back her head, the kiss ended.

"Next, I will be removing your clothes."

With that, Lucy set to work on stripping Mimi.

Seeing a girl naked would not be an unusual sight for Lucy like it would for a man, but she still felt the need to do it.

She felt a strange elation at seeing another member of her sex in the nude, so she undid the ribbon on the cute girl's chest and opened the front of her blouse.

A white bra with a floral pattern appeared within. It really suited Mimi, so Lucy felt a twinge of regret as she removed it.

"Ahh..."

Mimi trembled in embarrassment as Lucy discovered her breasts were bigger than she expected. Simply put, she had an incredible rack that did not match her childish face at all. They were plump tits with big nipples.

Then she removed the skirt. Some fairly large hips were contained in cute floral print panties that matched the bra. Lucy stole that away as well.

The fleshy slit was closed tight and only a bit of thin hair had grown in.

Overall, she had white and soft skin.

Her build had a very feminine roundness to it. She had plenty of subcutaneous fat that provided a soft cushion to the touch.

(Men must prefer a woman like this to an uncouth one like me.)

Lucy wanted to tease her. They were the same sex, but Lucy was jealous of this body type so different from her own.

Her left hand grabbed a soft breast, she placed her lips around the pale nipple decorating the tip, and she rolled it around with her tongue tip. At the same time, her right hand reached to Mimi's lower body. She placed the fingers over

the flesh slit, spread it open, and stirred up the soft flesh within.

“Ah, ahh, ahhn. Mistress Lucy, your fingers...your fingers are stirring me up inside. I’m being violated by your fingers. Hhn, hahhhn...

♪”

*My lord, she’s cute.* Lucy felt tingling pleasure race down her spine when she saw that small naked body writhing in pleasure at her hands.

She could not resist pinching the clit.

“Kh, Mistress, that’s...ah♪ It feels so good. I’m going to...ahhhhhh♪”

With her nipple being sucked and her sensitive bud being rolled around in the woman’s fingers, Mimi was quickly guided to a powerful orgasm.

“Pant...pant... That was amazing. Ahh, Mistress Lucy, please let me touch your boobs too.”

“Of course.”

It may have been a subconscious thing, but after climaxing, Mimi clenched her fists like a baby and stiffened her body. The way her elbows pressed her large breasts together and formed a great valley between them was oddly adorable.

Lucy readily gave permission, got up from the sofa she had laid Mimi on, and opened the top of her white uniform.

Mimi’s eyes sparkled when she saw the tits contained in a dull silver bra.

“Wow♪”

“Mimi, take it off for me.”

“Right away♪”

Mimi immediately stuck her hands in the opened military uniform and stole away the silver bra.

Lucy’s shapely breasts jiggled into view. Sweat was visible in the cleavage.

“I can t-t-t-t-touch them, right? At long last, Mistress Lucy’s boobs

♪”

“Yes, go ahead.”

Smiling bitterly at how Mimi was breathing heavily from extreme arousal, Lucy gently nodded.

Then Mimi reached out her hands and grabbed the large and shapely melons in front of her eyes.

“Ahh, they’re so soft♪ And your nipples look as tasty as chocolate♪”

Lucy maintained her detached demeanor, so Mimi gradually grew more confident and bold as she groped and massaged. Then she started stroking the brown nipples.

(She’s definitely used to pleasuring herself.)

With a sensitive touch that only another woman would know, Mimi toyed with the breasts in order to supply pleasure.

Ansandra had been unable to do this since she had never masturbated.

The accurate strike on her weak points made Lucy wrinkle her brow and made her nipples grow erect.

“Hgh...hn...ah...nn♪”

Her pride as the older one led Lucy to suppress her sweet voice as much as she could.

But the more she held back the moans, the more they seemed to build up inside her body. When she could bear it no longer, she grabbed the girl’s hands.

“Th-that’s enough. Now I’ll give you far, far more pleasure.”

Lucy refused to let Mimi continue, pushed her back onto the sofa, and pushed her knees to the side to fully spread her legs. Then she brought her face in close.

“Kyah♪”

It was almost cruel to Mimi how her feminine body spread open to reveal its contents to Lucy.

That vagina that had never accepted a man was a lovely pink. The clitoris was fully erect and even larger than Ansandra’s.

The unique yogurty scent of a female sex organ and a hint of urine tickled at Lucy's nose.

"Ahh...ahh. This is embarrassing."

"As I said, no crying or shouting is going to stop me."

Her mistress's cruel statement caused a clear fluid to flow out of the girl's slit.

Lucy licked her lips, buried her face there, and scooped up the sticky love juices with her tongue tip. Saltiness spread through her mouth.

"Ahh, ahh, ahhhhhhn♪"

Lucy held Mimi's thighs in place and used her whole tongue to lick up along the girl's honeypot.

The pure maiden's moans rang pleasantly in her ears.

Feeling even hornier, Lucy searched out the flesh bud hidden at the top of the slit.

A sharp urine scent reached her nose as she found it with her tongue tip.

(Hee hee. You can tell she's a virgin here.)

Lucy gave a mischievous smile and began focusing her attack on the clitoris.

"Ah, ahhh♪"

Mimi thrust her crotch upwards like she had received an electric shock and she wiggled her crotch around while crying out.

But Lucy would not let her escape and kept licking.

"Hee, hee, hee, heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!"

While moaning madly, Mimi arched her entire back like a bridge, convulsed, and finally let her hips fall back down.

Only then did Lucy remove her face and sit up.

"Heh heh heh. Looks like you came again."

After Lucy gently cuddled with her, Mimi came to and made an announcement.

“Y-yes. And now it’s my turn to service your pussy.”

“Eh? You don’t have to do that.”

Lucy looked a little shaken and refused, but Mimi was insistent.

“I must. It wouldn’t be fair if only I got my pussy licked. I want you to enjoy this and feel refreshed.”

“Heh... Fine then. Get to it.”

After accepting Mimi’s point, Lucy lowered the silver pants that perfectly fit her curves as well as the panties below.

An embarrassingly sticky string of liquid connected her crotch to the panties.

Lucy was nude in no time.

(Oh, I’m so wet. I hope Mimi won’t think poorly of me.)

She was a little worried, but it was too late for embarrassment now. She sat boldly on the edge of the sofa, raised her knees, and spread her legs.

Mimi happily got down from the sofa and moved her face between her beloved mistress’s legs.

“Ahh, your pussy is so beautiful.”

Mimi parted the dark curly hair, stuck out her tongue with a spellbound look, and did not hesitate to begin licking another woman’s pussy lips.

“Hahh...ahh, heen♪”

No one knew a woman’s body better than another woman. This was Mimi’s first homosexual experience, but she knew what would make a woman feel good. She skillfully used her tongue to stir up Lucy’s pussy.

But Lucy bit the second joint of her left ring finger to suppress the moans. As the older one, she must not have wanted to let this kitten see her lose control.

Displeased with that, Mimi sent her tongue to Lucy’s anus.

“Th-that’s dirty...”

“Not when it’s part of you, Mistress Lucy. I’d even be willing to eat your poop.”

“Don’t be ridic-...ahh!?”

Mimi licked at her anus while also pinching her clitoral hood with her left hand. And she continued skillfully kneading that while she brought her tongue back to the labia.

She stuck her tongue back in the honeypot and used her nose to poke at the now-exposed clit. She also reached out her hands and groped Lucy’s breasts while stroking the nipples.

“N-not...ah...there♪ Ahhhn, that feels good, good, so good♪”

The tall woman known as the War Goddess wore only the opened top of her uniform with her legs spread and a cute young girl pleasuring her. It was such a perverted sight.

“Ah, I’m about to...♪ I’m about to cum, cum, cum, cum, cuuuuum!!!”

Lucy’s limbs convulsed and then she slumped back into the sofa.

“Pant...pant...pant...”

She gasped for breath and Mimi asked a hesitant question from down at her crotch.

“Mistress Lucy, did you cum?”

“Yes, you made me cum, Mimi. It’s been a while, so it felt incredible... Oh, just look how sticky your face is

♪”

Lucy lovingly stroked the cheek of the girl whose face was dripping with her love juices.

“Eh heh heh. I’m glad. I’ve never done this before, so I wasn’t sure I would be able to pleasure you properly.”

The way the puppy-like girl bashfully laughed was unbearably cute to Lucy, so she kissed those lips soaked with love juices.

“Ah...”

“Then let’s move on to the next thing. Since we have this, we might as well use it.”



After the kiss, Lucy held up double-headed dildo that Princess Virginia had gifted them. Mimi nodded with her face melting with desire.

Lucy had made the suggestion because she could not resist any longer.

Her body had already learned to enjoy the flavor of a man, so even the most passionate cunnilingus left something to be desired.

She lifted Mimi up onto the sofa and spread the girl's legs.

Lucy gulped when she looked down and saw the young girl's pussy lips so soaked that it looked like she had wet herself.

"I'll start then..."

While kneeling between Mimi's spread legs, Lucy pressed one of the two heads against her vagina and pushed it in.

"Nn...nh..."

She trembled as the foreign object was swallowed up.

Her vagina had not had anything inside it since she was thrown out by that man half a year before, so it cried out in joy now.

(A woman's body really is made to have something in here...)

That displeased her because it worked against her supposed hatred of men.

"Wait just a bit more, okay?"

Lucy's hands trembled with arousal as she fastened the strap-on.

She then noticed Mimi was staring up at her with a look of ecstasy.

"Hm? What is it?"

"That looks perfect on you♪"

Heart shapes seemed to be flying from the innocent girl's eyes.

A tall woman wearing only the opened top of a military uniform had a cock rising from her crotch. It seemed horribly perverted to Lucy, but it did not feel bad to receive that kind of pure praise.

"...Thanks. Here goes."

Lucy honestly wished something like this did not look good on her, but when she looked down at the impressive item curving up from her crotch, she felt the same pleasant elation as just before a battle.

“Okay, now I’ll put it inside you.”

“Please do♪”

When Mimi cheerfully replied, Lucy further spread the girl’s legs and pressed the brutal dildo against that unexplored crevice.

“...”

“...”

“...Sigh.”

Lucy and Mimi. A woman about to fuck and a girl about to be fucked. The two of them stared at each other in the tense atmosphere and then Lucy sighed and pulled back.

“Mimi, are you sure about this? About giving me your virginity, I mean. You might regret this if you end up falling in love with someone else even more.”

“I won’t regret it. I’ve always dreamed of giving you my virginity.”

That was good enough for Lucy.

She shook off her hesitation and obeyed her desire instead. She slowly lowered her hips, but then she pulled back again.

She realized the dildo was completely dry.

Looking back on her own experiences, she knew this would probably hurt some, so she took some of the nectar flowing from her own body and rubbed it over the artificial penis with both hands.

That would not be a huge help, but it was still better than completely dry. Satisfied with that, she finally truly decided to break Mimi’s hymen.

“Okay, I’m going to put it in now. Breathe out and relax.”

Lucy gently stroked Mimi’s puffy cheek, gathered strength in her lower stomach, and pushed forward.

She heard a gulp, but it was unclear who made it.

The dildo's head pushed in.

"Gh!?"

Mimi groaned and bent her body in some pain.

"J-just a little more. Bear with it a little more."

Lucy spoke to gently correct the girl. Meanwhile, she pushed the body of the dildo in.

"O-ow..."

Mimi's hymen broke. Lucy could feel the sensation in her body.

It must have hurt more than expected because Mimi's adorable face crumpled up and she grabbed at the sofa to try to escape.

But Lucy held Mimi's arms in place and thrust her own hips forward.

The extra-thick dildo sank into Mimi's nearly hairless slit. It entered all the way to the base.

"Ahhhh...!?"

While Mimi cried out in the pain of being deflowered, Lucy cried out in pleasure.

The double-headed dildo pounded deep into Lucy's vagina with the same force it used to penetrate Mimi's hymen.

"G-good job, Mimi. See? It's all the way in."

With that job done, the female knight breathed a sigh of relief and spoke to Mimi with an obscene sweat glistening on her body.

Mimi looked down at their lower bodies linked together by the double-headed toy.

She wrinkled her brow, but also nodded happily.

"Yes. I'm so happy I could become one with you, Mistress Lucy..."

♪

The girl's bravery hit Lucy right in the heart.

(Sh-she's so cute...)

She had always had a bit of a thing for other women and she had just crossed the final line. She could not stop now.

Lucy began thrusting her hips like a male spirit had exploded inside her.

"Ahh, Mistress Lucy♪ You're so rough..."

"Just leave it to me. I'll make sure you enjoy this. You always wanted me to do this to you, didn't you?"

Lucy's hip movements may have been a lot like a virgin boy during his first time.

She was too focused on moving her hips to think much about her partner.

"Ahhhh~..."

When exposed to the kind of rough movements a man used on a woman, Mimi's expression melted and she let Lucy do as she pleased.

"Hn, hn, hn, hn, hn, hn..."

Lucy had lost her presence of mind more than Mimi who was still a bit tearful from the pain of being deflowered.

Perhaps it was *because* Lucy was the same sex that she could be so heartless. She had entirely lost herself in the act of defiling this undefiled girl.

With each thrust, the dildo also danced in Lucy's vagina, stirring up the vaginal walls and pumping deep inside.

"Ah, ahh, ahh..."

The woman doing the fucking and the girl being fucked both had sticky sweat on their soft skin.

Without even wiping away the sweat, Lucy thrust her hips even more intensely.

Her large breasts bounced and sweat scattered from the tips.

The sofa creaked under the rough movements.





“Kh, Mimi, you’re so cute. You’re so cute. I love the way you writhe below me as I fuck you. It’s so cute how you writhe in time with my hips. Ahh, I’m...I’m going to cum...ahhhhh!!!”

While thoroughly violating the girl, Lucy arched her back and screamed.

A man would have sprayed lots of milky liquid at that moment. Instead, plenty of vaginal fluids squirted from the gaps between her vagina and the object penetrating it.

“Ahhhhhh, Mistress Lucyyyyyyyy!!!”

Not knowing what was going on, Mimi raised her voice and desperately embraced her beloved mistress.

The warrior woman who had so thoroughly fucked the adorable virgin girl froze like a sculpture with her back arched.

After a moment that felt like an eternity, she stirred slightly and collapsed limply onto the girl below her like a large tree struck by lightning.

“Pant...pant...pant...”

Their heavy breathing echoed through the room. The former virgin girl had passed out with drool dripping from her mouth.

(This isn’t good. I might be as much of a lesbian as Princess Virginia said.)

The one time with Ansandra could be written off as a twist of fate or things getting out of hand.

But now that she had done it twice, she could not use those excuses. And this time she had broken the girl’s hymen with a strap-on.

Also, doing it with another woman seemed to suit her better than doing it with a man, so it felt so much better.

Mimi had completely fallen for her.

“That was so good. Now I’m yours physically too.”

“...Yeah.”

Lucy responded awkwardly as Mimi happily buried her face in her chest.

“Eh heh heh. My big brother is actually a huge fan of yours too. He was really happy when he had the chance to deliver something to you. Eh heh heh. I’d love to see the look on his face if he knew we were in this kind of relationship.”

“Hold on.”

“Yes, I know. We have to keep this a secret, don’t we~?”

♪”

Lucy held grinning Mimi in her arms and lightly kissed her on the forehead, but she felt like she had made a serious mistake here.

But despite her inner misgivings, the two of them continued intimately embracing each other.

The following morning, they took a bath together, washed each other’s bodies, and teased each other as they ate breakfast before Lucy left for the royal palace.

She then left Mimi with the money she had managed to raise.

“I promise you I will start a rebellion in Sulbey. Once I do, please love me like this again.”

“Yes, of course. My beloved Mimi.”

“I would do anything for you, Mistress Lucy♪ Leave it all to me~♪”

After a deep goodbye kiss, Mimi cheerfully left Curling Castle with a bag of money under each arm.

Lucy breathed a heavy sigh as she watched the girl go.

“We need any help we can get, but I really shouldn’t have done that.”

The guilt of toying with that pure girl’s maiden heart filled her with self-loathing.

But she could not continue worrying over this one thing forever. There was a seemingly endless list of things she had to and desperately needed to do.

“Well, girls that age will often have crushes on older girls. Maybe she’ll have grown out of that crush by the next time I see her.”



Lucy had once had a similar crush on Right General Chamomile who had taught her how to use a bow.

She had thought her father Albare and Chamomile would eventually marry, but that had never happened and the two of them had now shared death on the same battlefield. She hoped they were enjoying a sweet honeymoon in heaven.

“What a silly thought...”

Lucy smiled bitterly.

Either way, the Domos army had killed her father Albare, her not-quite-step-mother Chamomile, and her former lover Madelene.

“You looked like the kind of person who wouldn’t die if you killed him, but you kicked the bucket pretty easily. You just weren’t cut out to be a conqueror.”

Lucy worked to forget all about her promise with Mimi and focused on preparing for the counterattack against the Domos army.

## Chapter 3: Fall of Fortress City Ramlese

“We have no intention of resisting. We only ask that Lady Ansandra ensures we are treated tolerantly. It is not much, but we have prepared a feast for you. Please rest your troops and horses here.”

Not a shred of cloud was visible in the azure sky. A silver river flowed through a dark green forest and a grassy plain. The central plain was blessed with a warm climate and the fortress city of Ramlese stood atop that green scenery. Ten troops on horseback rode out from the city and made the announcement.

The fortress city was built atop an easily-defendable hill and surrounded by walls.

It was the midpoint between the mountain castles common in the north and the plains castles common in the central plain. 20,000 people lived there and it was the base of northern Clanaria’s administration. Taking it without having to fight meant a lot.

“So even the Clanarian people will side with the strong.”

Domos King Lorent accepted the blatantly flattering offer from Ramlese and entered the city.

Some of his staff officers of course suspected it was a trap.

Attacking enemy troops when they were succumbing to sugary dreams was a standard tactic.

“There is no reason to reject their kindness. And if it is a trap, we only need to obliterate the city so thoroughly that not even birds will visit.”

Lorent gave his officers and troops a chance to rest in two shifts over a full day and he authorized the consumption of alcohol. They were free to sleep with women, but it had to be consensual. Looting and raping were strictly forbidden.

All of Clanaria would be focused on the Domos army’s actions here.

If they treated this city poorly, no other cities would surrender. It was

announced that any who disobeyed Lorent's orders would be publicly executed, no matter how skilled a warrior they were. The Domos military was strict like that.

Ironically enough, Ramlese had rebelled because of the Clanarian army's strategy put together by Princess Virginia.

When Ramlese heard the plan was to strike back at Domos's army only after they had marched on Curling, they felt they had been abandoned while the central government was focused only on their own safety.

Domos's brutality was well known. Since Ramlese would have made an excellent example for the rest of the kingdom, the odds had been good an unimaginable slaughter would have occurred. Their only way to escape that fear was to capitulate to Domos.

But the Domos army had never intended to destroy Ramlese.

Their strategy was to ignore all of the fortresses, make their way directly to the royal capital of Curling, and make powerful attack after powerful attack until it fell.

If they did that, the smaller castles and fortresses would give in without a fight, so an important fortress like Ramlese had not been a real problem.

If Domos really had stopped to attack Ramlese, Lucy would have probably scoffed at the barbarian king's ignorance of strategy.

Ramlese succumbing to an imaginary fear had been a complete godsend for Domos.

And Domos intended to make full use of this unexpected opportunity.

They had secured a communication and supply line from the front line to their home kingdom, it would make for an important base, and they had obtained all the provisions inside the castle unharmed. It also held great political significance. If this acted as a model case and other fortresses fell without a fight, Clanaria would collapse in no time.

But while this was a miscalculation on Clanaria's part, it was not a fatal one.

A single fortress deep behind enemy lines would not support the Domos army

forever. If their main force was repelled, Ramlese would naturally return to Clanaria. So their basic strategy remained unchanged.

“Kyah! Please, not here, Lord General♪”

Clanaria’s refined women were performing a lively dance and singing an exciting song. And the mountain apes of Domos were having a blast.

An entertainer woman cried out as drunken Almeida stuck a hand into the chest of her clothing and touched the soft flesh within.

(Really, how can a general who represents Domos behave so shamefully?)

Ansandra frowned at the low cultural standards of her husband’s people, but her husband was even bolder.

Domos King Lorent was being served by the lead dancer, an incredibly beautiful woman with dark red hair and a curvy body that oozed sexuality.

He rubbed her plump thighs, stuck his hand up her skirt, and began directly teasing her pussy.

“Ahh, please, that’s enough. If you keep going, I’ll cum. Ahh, I’m cumming. Ahhhhhh!”

The beautiful dancer desperately tried to suppress her moans, but she let out a sensual breath and her body convulsed.

Ansandra had noticed what was going on right next to her, but she said nothing and took a large drink with red in her cheeks.

She could only praise it as “better than bloodshed”, but Ansandra was happy that Ramlese had let them in without a fight and she got through the rest with alcohol.

She did not intend to drink so much she lost control of herself, but she did enjoy some light drinking. She preferred to enjoy the flavor of the drink over getting drunk.

Water was the lifeblood of brewing alcohol and Ramlese was well known for its alcohol thanks to the pure water flowing down from the Tarachia Mountains.

Water and alcohol from her homeland seemed to suit her tastes best.

She just could not bring herself to like the black horse milk wine that was said to be Domos's finest drink.

"Princess, don't you think you're drinking a little too much?"

She was stopped by Head Maid Granmars who had accompanied her from Clanaria to Domos and back to Clanaria again to look after her.

"In this Clanarian-style room, I can't help but think it was all a dream that I was married to Domos, that I slept with King Lorent, that we invaded my homeland, and that so many Clanarian people were killed. I begin to wonder if I will wake up in my room back in the Curling royal palace once the drink wears off. I wonder if I will find my father leading the various officials, Virginia obsessing over her strange magic research, and Lucy being chased around by the young maids."

"Princess..."

The pained look on her aide's face brought Ansandra back to her senses.

"Sorry. This is no time to be thinking about older times. I have invaded my homeland. There is no escaping that fact. ...I really must be drunk."

Ansandra took things too seriously to lose herself in escapism.

Feeling tipsy from the taste of her homeland's drink, the queen decided to retire early since she had no interest in the beautiful singing and skilled dancing of the half-naked women.

"Good night, everyone."

Just as she stood from her seat, Lorent sensed that she had started to say something else.

"Hm? What is it?"

"Nothing really. It's just that I visited this castle once long ago."

"Really?"

This was Clanarian territory so there was nothing strange about that.

"As a brewing region, the water here is clean and pleasant. Please enjoy the great bath here. Um...if you like, I could wash your back for you..."

Lorent laughed out loud at her roundabout offer.

“I see, I see. I’ve been so busy with the march that I haven’t had time for you. My queen must be horny.”

“N-not so loud...”

Ansandra blushed and hurriedly tried to stop her husband’s comment, but it was too late.

“Ah ha ha. She looks docile enough, but I guess even our queen is a woman  
♪”

When the surrounding generals and the women serving them all laughed, Ansandra thought her face would burst into flames and she shrank down, unsure what to do with herself.

She would be lying if she said she had not been hoping for that. Back in the castle, she had had so much sex she barely had time to sleep, but that was not the case once the march had begun.

She understood the reason why, but that did not stop her young body from aching for it.

To escape the laughter, she retired to the second nicest room in Ramlese. She changed into white silk panties and a silk negligee, lay on the large canopied bed, and placed a thin blanket over herself.

“...”

She rarely had trouble falling asleep, but now sleep simply refused to come.

And she quickly realized why. Ever since marrying into Domos, she had grown accustomed to falling asleep after sleeping with Lorent or Naja and her dragon-rider girls. It had been a long time since she had a bed to herself.

“How strange. Were beds always this large?”

Since she could not pass through the gate to dreamland, she opened her eyes and saw the Clanarian-style architecture of the room. She once more started to feel like it had all been a dream, but she knew this was not her room.

“I wonder what His Majesty is doing now...”

She smiled bitterly at her comment.

He was almost certainly sharing a bed with one of the dancers.

“Knowing him, he might be doing two of them at once. Hee hee hee.”

She smiled a bit, but the expression froze on her face. A sharp pain throbbed in her chest.

She thought her heart would tear apart when she thought of Lorent embracing, fucking, and eliciting moans of pleasure from other women.

She shut her eyes to drive the feeling from her, but then Lorent’s manhood appeared in her mind’s eye.

“No, what is wrong with me?”

She blushed, held her cheeks, and twisted her body.

Her heart was pounding and she held her chest with both hands.

She was surprised at the size of her own breasts, so she held them in her hands.

“Have they grown lately?”

Lorent had claimed massaging them would make them grow, but she was not so sure that was true. But if it was, then it would make sense that hers would have grown some after having so many people massage them every day since arriving in Domos.

Her breasts had never been small, just appropriate for her age. But they had seemed small when compared to Lucy, Dominic, Naja, or the dragon-rider girls with larger ones.

She resentfully wished they were a little bigger while lightly lifting and massaging the masses through the silk fabric.

“...Ah, they’re firming up.”

Her body trembled and a quiet, warm breath escaped her lips.

She found it indecent, but she could not stop herself.

She could feel her nipples growing erect while she kneaded her boobs

through the negligee. When she toyed with them between her fingers and squeezed them tight, a tingling throb ran through her lower body.

Her crotch throbbed wetly.

“Ah...ahn, Your Majesty...”

One of her hands lowered from her chest and held her crotch instead.

She felt a squeezing pleasure, but the stimulation through the negligee and panties was not enough. She quickly lifted up the bottom of the negligee and stuck her hand into her panties.

“Ah, I’m wet.”

She sounded surprised, but she was no longer so innocent that she had not expected this. Her slippery fingers quickly found her slit. Just by pressing down, her fingers slipped into the wet crevice.

“Hyah...ahhhn.”

She tilted her head back as a sweet and damp cry escaped her small nose. As she groped her breasts and moved her fingers back and forth through her secret slit, her hips lifted from the bed and trembled.

“Ah...hwahhh.”

Her cheeks were flushed and her lips cracked open. Her pure facial features twisted seductively as she lost herself in masturbation.

Her neck on down were covered by the blanket, but it was a thin summer blanket.

The positioning of her arms, the movement of her fingers, and the alluring writhing of her body were all visible through it.

“No, my fingers...my fingers are so lewd...”

She felt like her fingers had a mind of their own as they danced across her wet secret entrance and she moved her body as if trying to escape them. But then her slender fingers found the erect flesh core.

“Ahhhn...”

She really was surprised by how loudly she moaned and her body rolled over



with her hands still in place. On her stomach now, she buried her face in the fluffy pillow, pulled the blanket up over her head, and happily spread her legs with her butt sticking out. The negligee and blanket slipped away, so her butt was exposed even though her head was hidden. Ansandra of course was oblivious to this fact.

Her fingers produced an obscene sound as they moved within her panties.

“Ah, ahhhhhn, y-yes...”

Her clitoris had grown large as if to demand she touch it, so she rubbed a finger against it while also sticking fingers in her sticky honeypot.

Unable to bear it any longer, she grabbed both sides of her panties, stuck her butt up in the air, and pulled the underwear down like she was peeling a boiled egg.

She then pulled them down her slender legs and indecently tossed them off of the bed. She finally resumed fingering her pussy as if trying to make up for that brief lost time.

“Ah, hhhhn, yes...”

She shoved her fingers in as far as they would go and rubbed at a bumpy part on the front vaginal wall. That area always provided her with an agonizingly strong squeeze of pressure and kept her from thinking about anything except pleasure.

And that was why she did not notice that she had a guest in this room full of a powerful feminine scent. The guest picked up the panties that had fallen at his feet, turned them inside out, and smiled at the stain on the crotch.

“Ahh...nn, nhah...hahhh.”

On the bed with a gorgeous silk canopy, Ansandra had the bottom of her negligee pulled up and her small butt fully exposed as she pumped her fingers in and out of herself.

Her pink anus wriggled embarrassingly at the base of the small but shapely mounds of her butt. Below that was her flushed perineum and spread flower petals soaked with the nectar flowing from her sexual slit. That soft flesh was

pure and beautiful even as it was exposed to the intense movements of her fingers.

Unlike in Domos, the summer evenings in Clanaria were hot. Her body was soaked with sweat and that fragrant scent filled the room.

Sweat beaded up on her exposed butt, mixed with the dripping sex juices, and flowed down her inner thighs.

The bedding had such a large stain that you would have thought she had wet the bed.

She was trying to suppress her moans so the maids would not notice, but the ignorant princess gave no thought to the love juices staining her panties and the sheets.

Also, her maids were well-trained, so they would not speak a word to her or to anyone else.

“Ahh...knh...no...ahn, ahn...nnh.”

A nasal note joined Ansandra’s beautiful voice and the sounds of her fingers massaging her inner flesh ruled the room.

“Your Majesty, more, stir up my pussy even more... And pound me until I break.”

As an overly self-conscious princess, Ansandra would never say these dirty things while actually having sex, but she voiced them now while stirring up her secret flesh, scattering a sticky liquid, and writhing on the bed. Her sweet breaths grew intermittent and her slender body shook.

She had entered a state of sexual arousal she could not control. She used all ten fingers to thoroughly and passionately stimulate her clitoris, vaginal entrance, and perineum.

“Ah, hee.”

Her high-pitched cries of pleasure sounded like a small bird’s cries, she energetically shook her ass, and a great quantity of love juices flowed from her vagina.

“No, ahhhn, Your Majesty...I’m cumming, I’m cumming...”

Her lovely cries declared her orgasm and her raised butt wiggled left and right. She rubbed her clitoris while moving it side to side and boldly pumped the two fingers plunging into her honeypot. It all felt unbearably good.

“Hh...hah...ah, hahhhhhn!”

She climaxed with an extra loud cry. With her butt raised high, a liquid sprayed out with the intensity of piss, she breathed heavily, and she basked in the afterglow for a bit, but she eventually breathed a heavy sigh.

“Sigh... I really want His Majesty’s penis. Sob.”

She missed his presence. As the wave of pleasure receded, her body was ruled by a sense of guilt and emptiness.

That was when the thin blanket covering her was pulled away.

Caught completely off guard, she hopped up, quickly pulled down her negligee, hid her butt, and looked to see who had stolen away the blanket fortress that had let her forget her shame. The first thing she saw was an erect cock. She looked up to see a large man armored by muscle. His sharp features looked down at her while letting out a breath that smelled strongly of alcohol.

“...Your Majesty, how long have you been here...?”

“One of your faithful maids reminded me that I hadn’t visited you at night recently. I was thinking I could take you up on your offer to visit the bath, but it looks like you couldn’t wait.”

Ansandra had fallen for Lorent. And it seemed her maids knew that better than she did herself.

Lorent had actually fled from Stephan and Dominic when they tried to get him to do some administrative work related to the handover of the castle, but he left that part unsaid.

As Ansandra gradually calmed down, the situation dawned on her and embarrassment reared its ugly head.

(What have I done? How could I let him see me do that? I just want to hide now.)

She curled up as small as possible on the bed, but he grabbed her bright golden hair and lifted her head.

His thick and glistening penis was right at her eye level. Several veins bulged out of the shaft that rose at a sharp angle, the head was pulled tight, and the bottom of the head stuck out at another sharp angle. A drop of clear nectar seeped out of the tip.

“What’s wrong? This is what you wanted. You’re free to do with it as you wish.”

Ansandra hesitated for a moment as she stared at his cock. She finally sat up on the bed, reached out, and grabbed the manhood. This was her first time to actually hold it in her hand.

She had taken it inside her countless times and she had just masturbated while imagining it, but as sensitive as her honeypot was, it could not fully sense his size, hardness, and warmth. She stared at the erect penis and massaged it between her hands. Then she hesitantly leaned in and softly kissed the tip.

“Heh heh heh. Did Naja teach you how to suck dick?”

“Yes. All of the flying dragon knights said that gentlemen enjoy it when you do this, so they insisted I perform oral sex next time I slept with you. Was that wrong?”

Ansandra pulled her mouth back, carefully held the rod between her hands, and gave Lorent a hesitant upturned glance.

“Not at all. Continue.”

When he smiled and asked her to continue, Ansandra happily smiled back, lowered her gaze to the dick, and intently leaned her head back toward it. She opened her mouth wide, cutely stuck out her light red tongue, and began licking the tip. Even a pure face like hers could look unbelievably obscene when she did something like this.

Once the swollen head glistened with saliva, she took the head inside her mouth, skillfully moved her tongue around it, and stimulated the tip and ridge while wrapping saliva around them.

This was her first blowjob, but she felt no reluctance.

It had looked so strange and sinister when she had first seen it, but now she felt nothing but love, longing, and wonder for it.

There was a clear hint of self-absorption on her face as she lost herself in pleasuring him. The way she actively knelt down and sucked on his penis filled her with masochism, like she had become his slave.

She had been told the bottom of the head was a man's weak point, so she was especially thorough in licking there. Her tongue reached the bottom of the shaft and licked down the line leading down into his crotch. She sucked on and played with one of his balls and even licked along his taint. She then licked back up the shaft and repeated the process.

Suddenly, Ansandra wrapped her lips and tongue around the penis from the side.

She made sure not to touch it with her teeth while she applied pressure with her lips. She seemed to be checking how thick and hard it was. And she stickily moved up and down the side of the shaft like a dog slobbering on a bone.

After licking along the left and right sides, Ansandra swallowed it from the top.

Instead of just the head, she swallowed it deep into her throat. The penis soaked in her warm saliva and the breaths from her nose pleasantly tickled his pubic hair.

"Ngh."

While moving her head back and forth, she rubbed the shaft and massaged the balls. She only knew how to do this thanks to the training from the flying dragon knight girls, but as she sucked the cock, she grew more aggressive and aroused. It did not really taste like anything, but she could not stop herself when she thought about it being Lorent's. That made it taste good.

"Mh..."

She was definitely less skilled than Naja, Dominic, or the others, but this blowjob had an earnestness only found in a woman in love. Lorent's body

responded in kind.

“Kh, I’m cumming...”

He gave a warning as he reached climax, but Ansandra made no attempt to escape and in fact wrapped her arms around his butt while taking his penis deep into her throat.

Just as she felt his hips tremble a bit, lots of semen surged out and both her mouth and nose filled with the smell and flavor of that male fluid.

“Nmh, mh, mh, nmhhhh...”

The thin threads of her blonde hair shook as she uttered muffled groans.

The force, quantity, smell, and flavor of the cum were all greater than she had expected and some dripped down from the corners of her mouth, but she did not move her head.

For a while after the long, long ejaculation ended, Ansandra seemed to be struggling to swallow all of the male fluid filling her mouth, but it would not go down her throat like she wanted. Tears welled up in her eyes as she did her best to swallow, so it was too much to watch.

“Don’t force yourself. Spit it out.”

Lorent gently stroked her golden hair, but Ansandra shook her head with the head still in her mouth.

She finally managed to get it all down with multiple swallows. She then sucked the rest out of the rod and swallowed that. She finally pulled her head back from it, but then she gagged, choked, and shed a few tears.



She had clearly pushed herself too far to swallow it, so Lorent gently rubbed her back.

“That couldn’t have tasted good. I told you to spit it out.”

Once she finally came back to her senses, Ansandra looked tearfully up at Lorent.

“But Naja and Dominic swallow it.”

The unfamiliar oral act had left her jaw trembling and some of the milky liquid was still clinging to the corners of her cute lips.

She acted like a noble princess who was above such things as envy, but she was still a woman. She had felt a need to compete with the other women in this odd way.

Men were strange creatures, so when they saw a woman acting this way, they found it cute and felt even more fired up than usual. And Lorent was no exception.

However, that did not mean he was not willing to wait for a change of location.

“Now, show me to that bath you mentioned before.”

“Eh? Now?”

Lorent started to leave the room, so Ansandra hurried after him.

Only after stepping out into the hall did she realize they had not bothered to get dressed.

Ansandra only wore her negligee and she shrank down in embarrassment whenever they passed someone, but Lorent did not wear a thing and marched boldly by her side. On the way, they ran across Naja who cried out in protest.

“Ah, no fair, queen!”

“If you are interested, then join us in the bath. But leave your clothes here.”

Lorent readily gave his permission and Naja cheerfully ran over and stripped right there in the hallway. She also pulled off Ansandra’s negligee for good measure.



“Sure thing. ...Oh, right. Princess, is this bath large?”

“Yes, very.”

“Then I think I’ll call them too.”

The Domos soldiers and Ramlese residents saw the king walking down the hall with Ansandra on his right and Naja on his left.

“Clanaria’s greatest beauty *and* Domos’s greatest beauty?” commented General Kubdai. “How could I not be jealous?”

“This is more work than you would think,” replied Lorent with a bitter smile.

“I would welcome that kind of problem.”

Laughter echoed down the hallway as they continued on to the bath.

“Yahoo~ Clanaria sure is civilized♪”

The open-air bath Ansandra entered with her husband was on the second story of Ramlese Castle.

Naja was already nude, so she only had to undo her ponytail before jumping into the tub.

The water was beautiful enough for making fine drinks, but Ansandra was displeased as she entered the tub full of it.

(This wasn’t what I had in mind.)

The lovely queen’s displeasure was caused by the scene before her.

“Ahh, now this is a view.”

Lorent soaked in the tub with her, but he was waited on by around a dozen girls.

They were the flying dragon knight girls who worked under Naja.

“Yes, it really is a wonderful place♪ How great is it that we get to have sex here?♪”

The frank Domos girls were occupying Lorent’s attention, so Ansandra could not even get close.

She had thought he would finally love her like a wild animal again. No, she

had *hoped* he would, so this was a letdown.

(He's enjoying Naja and all of her dragon knights, so is there any room left for me?

Is he just not that interested in me now that he's gotten the political advantage he needs out of me?)

Ansandra brooded, but Naja made a suggestion to her king who was using her breasts as a pillow.

"I have a request for you today, Your Majesty."

"What might that be?"

Naja called one of the girls over.

"Madia. I'll introduce you to His Majesty."

"Yes."

A girl of maybe 15 stood right next to Lorent. She was a little tall for a flying dragon knight and she had black hair.

For her age, her frame was solid, her breasts were large, and her hips were wide.

"This is Madia. She is General Almeida's niece. The previous battle was her first, but she did quite well. As a reward, I was hoping you would take her virginity."

"..."

Lorent responded with silence, so the young flying dragon knight's nude body tensed as she saluted.

"I am sure it would only be a bother, but please let me give you my first time, Your Majesty!"

"Hmph. Do as you like."

Lorent was lying down in the tub with Naja as his pillow, so he simply stuck his erect cock above the water.

"Thank you very much!"

The young knight's face lit up as she straddled her king's hips and placed her pussy lips on the erect penis.

"I will now take your cock."

"..."

Lorent was only offering his penis and did not seem particularly interested.

But to a girl like Madia, offering her virginity to her beloved king was probably a great honor.

(So she doesn't really want to be his mistress? She just wants him to break her hymen?)

It could be written off as a cultural difference, but Ansandra found this hard to believe.

"Gh."

The knight lowered her hips to lose her virginity while on top, but the pain must have been too much to bear. Her face tensed and she came to a stop.

Seeing that, Naja gestured a command to the other knights. Two of them stood up and grabbed Madia from either side. And they pressed their body weight on her to force her down.

"Hyeeeeeeeeee!!!"

The thick cock pierced the young knight all the way to the base. A red flower briefly scattered in the bathwater and tears flowed from Madia's eyes. Naja soothed her subordinate.

"Bear with it. You want His Majesty's love, don't you?"

"Y-yes..."

"Then bear with it just a while longer."

Naja's other subordinates moved the girl up and down to stimulate the manhood inside her.

"Ahh, ahh, hyah..."

"I'm about to cum."

The healthy girl's face was flushed and wet with tears as she was deflowered, but Lorent sounded entirely calm.

"Ah, ahhhh... It's so big, and throbbing, and...ahh, incredible...ahh..."

The other girls must have been able to tell the hot fluid had erupted inside her because they stopped moving Madia.

His penis must have shrunk after ejaculating so much because their union came

apart and Madia collapsed back into the tub.

"That was pretty good. Madia. I will remember that name."

"Pant...pant...pant... Thank you very much. I-I intend to faithfully work...f-for your glory, Your...Majesty

♪"

After offering her virginity to her beloved king, the knight girl was out of breath, but she was clearly moved to emotion and she looked like she would gladly take her own life on the spot if Lorent ordered her to.

"That means it's our turn next."

"Okay, Your Majesty. Fuck us like you always do."

The dozen healthy beauties could not wait any longer and prepared to attack Lorent.

But just as that orgy was about to begin...

"Wait!"

Ansandra stood up and had them stop.

She was fundamentally different from the flying dragon knights. She had a soft, white body and her face was red as she raised her voice.

"I have to wash His Majesty's back first."

Ansandra had been sitting obediently in a corner of the bath, so the knights jumped in surprise at this threatening aura.

Then they turned toward their leader: Naja.

“She did mention that way back when the bath first came up, didn’t she?”

Naja’s amused gaze clashed with Ansandra’s desperate one.

Naja’s subordinates exchanged a glance.

This had become a direct clash between the two women who were hoping to become Domos King Lorent’s favorite.

Naja clearly had the advantage in an actual fight, but that was off limits in a women’s battle.

“Very well. That was the promise after all.”

Lorent got up from Naja’s breasts and stood up from the bath. He walked over to the washing area and sat on a wooden chair there.

“Now. Will you wash my back?”

“Oh, yes. Right away...♪”

Ansandra’s face lit up as she quickly left the bath and kneeled behind Lorent.

But as a born princess, she had had maids wash her back, but she had never washed someone else’s back.

She awkwardly grabbed the supplied soap, worked up a lather, and rubbed it onto her husband’s broad back.

One of the knights gave some advice from the tub.

“What are you doing, queen? You’re supposed to wash a man’s back with your tits.”

“Eh? Really!? I’m sorry. And thank you.”

Ansandra was surprised by this new information, but she honestly thanked the girl and placed the bubbles on her own chest as told.

She then embraced Lorent’s shoulders and pressed her twin mounds against her husband’s back.

“I-is this good?”

When she hesitantly asked, Lorent firmly nodded.

“Yes. Make sure you rub your tits on there nice and good to work up a lather.”

“U-understood.”

Once she had confirmation that the knight’s advice was accurate, Ansandra did as she was told and worked hard at rubbing her breasts against him.

But her body was soon ruled by a throbbing she could not just ignore.

(Ah, what do I do now? Rubbing my nipples against him feels so good...)

She was embarrassed that she was deriving sexual pleasure from something as simple as washing his back.

But her mind and her body were two different things.

Her body was hoping to sleep with a man. Her nipples were solidly erect. And she was rubbing those hardened nipples against him, so she could not stop the sexual pleasure from building up in her body.

(My nipples are melting. I feel like my nipples are melting.)

Ansandra was diligent to the core, so she was intent on doing as she was told. She continued rubbing her breasts against his back. No, that was not the reason. She simply could not stop seeking pleasure from rubbing her nipples against him.

“Pant...pant...pant...”

Her breaths were heated, she stuck her tight little butt backwards, and she rubbed her inner thighs longingly together.

She also took a casual peek over his shoulder and saw his cock was rock hard once more.

(It’s already recovered. I-I want it... No, what am I thinking?)

She could feel her womb tightening and lowering.

“Ha ha♪ Check out the queen’s inner thighs. They’re soaked.”

“Eh heh heh. As usual, she’s as horny as any of us once she lowers that mask of nobility

♪”

The knights in the bath were entirely unrestrained in their comments.

Ansandra found it so embarrassing she wanted to die, but she could not stop her womanly desire.

Once her arousal grew to the point of blanking out her mind, she heard Lorent's voice.

"Are you done washing?"

"Y-yes...♪"

Ansandra gave a cheerful reply because she thought this meant he was ready to give her what she wanted. But she was wrong.

"Then do my arm next."

"Eh? Oh, yes. Understood. Am I to wash that with my boobs too?"

Lorent held his right arm out horizontally and she began thinking about how to press her breasts against it, but then he gave her an unexpected instruction.

"No, wash it with your pubic hair."

"Eh? My pubic hair?"

Ansandra was taken aback, but the man coldly ordered her while holding out his strong arm.

"Yes, rub soap into your pubic hair and straddle my arm."

She blinked her eyes, but she obediently lathered the soap in her own golden pubic hair. And she hesitantly straddled his right arm.

"L-like this? Ah♪"

"Yes, now rub back and forth from my hand to my shoulder."

While straddling his arm and facing his shoulder, she did as she was told and rubbed her pubic hair up and down to wash the arm.

"Ahhh...♪"

However, Ansandra did not have much pubic hair. You could say it was only beginning to grow in.

That meant it was impossible for her to wash with it. She was essentially just rubbing her pussy lips against the man's skin.

As the observing knight girls had pointed out, she was already so wet she seemed to have wet herself, so it should have been obvious what would happen when she rubbed it against that beloved man.

(It feels so good I think I really am going to pee

♪)

A surge of pleasure raced up her spine and she lost herself in rubbing her erect and half-exposed clitoris against him.

“Ansandra, how wet are you? You’ll never get me clean like this.”

“I-I’m sorry. Ahhh...”

She was embarrassed, but she could not stop her hips from moving. In fact, she was secretly enjoying the act of rubbing her love juices on the man.

It may have been the same mindset as a dog marking its territory.

By rubbing him with her love juices, she was saying he was hers.

“Oh, honestly. You can’t expect me to just watch this!”

Naja voiced her irritation and suddenly got up out of the bath.

“Your Majesty, I will wash your left arm. That’s fine, isn’t it?”

“Yes, go ahead.”

Once she had permission, Naja brushed back her ample red hair, straddled Lorent’s

left arm, and rubbed her own red pubic hair against it.

“Wow, she’s finally gone for a direct competition!?”

The girls still in the bath cheered as their excitement grew.

On one side was the girl who had become Domos’s queen through a political marriage. On the other side was the girl who would likely have become Domos’s queen if not for that.

Those two beautiful girls were straddling the same man’s arms and moving their hips back and forth.

“Ahh...ahh...ahh...nn♪”





Ansandra and Naja stared at each other's lewd expressions.

(Th-this is so embarrassing. And why am I so drawn to that look on her

face..?)

Ansandra found herself charmed by the other girl's moaning face and she tried to look away out of embarrassment.

But just then, Naja moved her face in close and stole the queen's lips.

"Nn!?"

Ansandra's eyes widened in surprise.

She came back to her senses and tried to break free, but her lower body was too weak.

"Mch, ch, slurp..."

Her mouth was mercilessly violated and her tongue attacked. Naja then reached out her right hand and grabbed Ansandra's breast.

Naja's other hand grabbed Ansandra's hand and pulled it to Naja's own breast.

(Wow, it's so springy! It feels amazing.)

Realizing what the other girl wanted, Ansandra used both hands to grab and grope Naja's breasts. Naja returned the favor.

"Hh, mhh, ahn..."

Ansandra and Naja straddled Lorent's shoulders and pressed their lower stomachs against either side of his head while they groped each other's tits and enjoyed a deep kiss.

(Wh-what am I doing? I'm making out with another girl. And while we're straddling King Lorent. Ahh, but it feels so good

♪)

The more pleasure she felt, the more pleasure she wanted the other person to feel, so she stroked Naja's solidly erect nipples.

"Mh, mhh...♪"

The girls' crotches rubbed up against the man's shoulders. Lorent's ears could likely hear the wet sound of nectar flowing from their vaginas.

Finally, Naja ended the kiss.

“Pwah♪ You’re surprisingly horny for having such a kiddy face.”

“That’s because His Majesty said he likes horny women...”

“Wow, you’re taking this more seriously than I thought.”

Those sand-colored eyes grew harsh as they watched Ansandra’s embarrassed face. But then she smiled.

“Well, a women’s battle won’t be settled so easily, will it? That aside, I think it’s about time we washed His Majesty’s cock

♪”

“Eh...?”

“Your Majesty, that’s okay, isn’t it?”

Lorent answered Naja’s sweet voice with a firm nod.

“Yes, please do.”

Ansandra and Naja’s hips seemed to give out as they crouched down between Lorent’s spread legs.

“Ahh, His Majesty’s cock...”

Ansandra lovingly rubbed her cheek against it and let her blonde hair brush across it, so Lorent asked a question.

“Didn’t you just enjoy it earlier?”

“Yes, but not nearly enough.”

Ansandra’s cheeks flushed as she admitted it.

She had not noticed during the days and nights of enjoying it, but now that it had been a while, she realized just how badly she needed it inside her.

“I’ve missed it too, you know?”

Noticing the atmosphere between them, Naja expressed her displeasure.

“And I’ve missed both of you.”

Lorent rubbed Naja’s red hair with his left hand.

“Then let’s get down to business.”

Ansandra opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, but Naja stopped her.

“What do you think you’re doing? We’re supposed to be washing it. *Washing.*”

“Washing. R-right.”

With that beloved penis before her eyes, Ansandra had only been thinking about sucking it, so she blushed at her own shameful behavior.

“Th-then how am I supposed to wash a cock?”

“With your tits of course.”

“Eh? My tits?”

Ansandra clearly did not understand, so Naja smiled happily.

“Hm? You haven’t done this yet? You hold the cock between your tits. It’s called a titjob and it’s apparently one of the best ways to pleasure a man. His Majesty loves it, of course.”

“He loves having it held between a woman’s boobs?”

When she stared intently at him, Lorent scratched his cheek and answered.

“Well, yeah. Any man would.”

“Why didn’t you tell me something so important!?”

Ansandra puffed out her cheeks and Lorent smiled.

“Heh heh heh. Sulking because I didn’t teach you a sex technique? You sure have grown.”

“This is no laughing matter. I am your wife. And a wife must know how to pleasure her husband better than any other woman.”

“Wow, should I assume that was directed at me?” asked Naja as her cheeks stiffened.

“Yes. I am his wife. You are his mistress.”

“When did you get so bold?”

Invisible sparks scattered between them, so Lorent decided to intervene.

“C’mon, if you want to give me a titjob, then try to get along. Keep arguing and I’ll go soft.”

“That would be a problem. Please enjoy my boobs...no, my tits.”

They both quickly covered their breasts with bubbles and competed to be the first to get his dick between them.

The dark cock was teased by dark, smooth skin and milky, shiny skin.

Surrounded by four breasts, the penis head would alternately poke up above and sink back below.

Moving their breasts up and down must have been a lot of work. Ansandra and

Naja had beads of sweat dripping down their bodies.

The soap worked up a lot of bubbles and the bubbles briefly turned red, presumably because some blood had gotten on him when he took the virginity of the new flying dragon knight named Madia.

“O-our nipples are rubbing together and it feels so good. Ahh, ahh...”

“It feels good for me too...”



The two girls were already sexually aroused from washing him with their crotches.

They cried out longingly and wiggled their butts.

The two cats in heat rubbed their nipples together and rubbed the bottom of the penis head, but they could not wait any longer and stuck out their tongues to lick the head.

“Hh, hn, hh...”

“Ahm, mjh, slurp...”

Blue eyes met sand-colored ones and they suddenly spoke.

“You’re not bad at this.”

“I knew I couldn’t lose to you if I was to be King Lorent’s woman.”

“Heh.”

They must have discovered an odd sense of camaraderie like they were rivals because they exchanged a friendly kiss with the penis head in between.

They continued the titjob while skillfully wrapping their tongues around the penis head.

Lorent succumbed to their intense service.

“Kh, I’m cumming.”

Sure enough, a milky liquid erupted out.

It shot out with enough force to coat the noble face and healthy face equally.

“Ha ha. It’s so warm♪”

“I love being covered in your scent, Your Majesty♪”

Naja, who was said to be Domos’s true queen, and Ansandra, who was Domos’s official queen, both opened their mouths wide and stuck out their tongues to catch the semen.

And they licked the cum off each other’s faces and boobs like they were kittens.

Lorent was satisfied with what he saw.

“There is nothing as beautiful as friendship. You two need to continue getting along like this.”

“Of course...”

Ansandra answered obediently, but Naja expressed some displeasure.

“Hmph, you sure are selfish.”

From Naja’s perspective, it was Lorent’s fault she was competing with Ansandra in the first place, so he was in no place to demand she get along with the other girl.

But while Naja carried those complicated feelings as a woman, Ansandra had fallen even further.

“U-um, Your Majesty...”

“What is it?”

When Lorent pressed her for an answer, Ansandra’s cheeks flushed in embarrassment and she wiggled her hips longingly. After hesitating a few times, she made up her mind and made her plea.

“I can’t wait any longer. I need your cock. I need your cock inside me.”

She was not being forced into doing it, but Ansandra still pleaded him.

Lorent looked satisfied with this, but Naja pushed in.

“Well, I want it too.”

“Sorry, Naja, but it’s first come first serve.”

Ansandra’s face lit up when she heard his response.

“I’ll put it in Ansandra first, but I won’t use my hips. Ansandra, you put it in yourself and move your own hips.”

“Eh? Um, okay...”

Ansandra was taken aback but agreed.

“U-um...will this work?”

“Yes, just lower your hips from there.”

Lorent lay on his back in the open-air bath’s washing area. Ansandra was on all fours and straddling him with no strength in her hips.



Jealous Naja and the curious knight girls watched on as she hesitantly brought her labia to the penis.

Her heart was racing in her chest.

She had always been the passive one. Her sexuality had grown through having Lorent forcibly teach her the pleasures of her body.

Yet she felt shameful putting it in her when he was not moving.

(But my pussy is throbbing so bad. I can't wait any longer...)

When the beautiful princess weighed her shame as a woman against her lust, the lust won out. She pushed her deep slit against the thick and towering manhood and she placed her body weight on it.

This was the same position the knight girl named Madia had used to deflower herself, but Ansandra's non-virgin vagina seemed to greedily devour the meat stick.

"Hahhhhhh... Your cock really is so big, hot, and rugged. It feels so good."

She had brought the manhood inside her of her own free will and it was her lower body's first taste of one for a while, so she shed tears of joy.

The beautiful princess was crouched down after swallowing the cock to its base.

"Raise your knees so I can see our union."

On Lorent's instruction, Ansandra obediently raised her knees with her legs spread on either side of him.

"Wow..."

"She looks docile, but our queen is soooo dirty♪"

The knight girls cheered at the sight.

(Ahh, so many people are watching my pussy take King Lorent inside. It's embarrassing...but it feels so good...)

Her vagina tightened as masochistic pleasure washed over her body.

"Now move your own hips."

Ansandra sighed with an intoxicated look on her face, but when he lightly slapped her ass, she began bouncing her hips up and down like she was riding a horse.

“Ah, ahhh. It feels incredible. Just incredible. Ahh, ahh, yes. I feel like I’m melting.

Ahh, ahh.”

Lorent could see his penis moving in and out of her body. And each time she moved her hips, her hidden flesh would pull out somewhat.

“Move your hips around like you’re drawing a circle.”

“Y-yes, Your Majesty.”

Ansandra’s butt stuck out to the left and right when compared to her slender belly and she moved it in a circle.

“Ahh, ahn, hahh, hahh, hahh...”

She used the thick penis to stir up the depths of her vagina as well as the front and back walls, so more and more love juices flowed out.

“Y-yes...ahhh...”

She moved her own hips while the connection was fully visible to everyone. She thought she would die from the embarrassment, but that embarrassment must have increased the pleasure because she moved her hips with even more intensity.

Each time the thick cock moved in and out, love juices sprayed out and her inner flesh was exposed.

(I-it’s too embarrassing. I can’t believe His Majesty and so many other people are seeing me do this. But it feels so good.)

No one told her to, but as she drowned in pleasure, she massaged her own breasts and madly moved her hips.

“Ahhh, yes, yes. Your cock feels so good. I love cock~

♪”

The knight girls’ eyes widened as they watched Ansandra shouting such

obscene things.

“Wow, I had heard it was the obedient-looking women who were the most amazing in bed, but it looks like that’s true.”

“Incredible. The queen is squirting.”

Love juices sprayed from the union of man and woman.

The girls who had shocked Ansandra with their horniness were now shocked by her horniness.

(I’m done for. When King Lorent puts his cock inside me, I can’t think about anything else.)

She could not believe her own horniness, but there was nothing she could do about that.

But as her pleasure grew, her movements dulled. She finally placed her hands on the man’s stomach and collapsed.

When she stopped moving and gasped for breath, Lorent betrayed her expectations by asking her a kind question.

“Have you not reached the point where you can ride my cock until you cum?”

“Pant, pant, pant... No, I haven’t. I’m sorry. It feels so good...so very good that I can’t move.”

Ansandra desperately shook her head while breathing hot breaths. She had always been in the passive role, so she had trouble being in control of the sex.

“But I want it. I want your cock. Please stir up my pussy with your cock. And please fill me with your cum.”

“Very well.”

She knew he loved hearing her talk dirty, so she intentionally said a bunch of embarrassing things in a row.

Lorent was satisfied with that, so he got up, held Ansandra in his arms, and then pushed her back into the missionary position.

“Ahhhn...♪”

Ansandra breathed a sigh of relief and pleasure as the man pinned her down. She had been taught quite a few embarrassing positions, but she found missionary the most relaxing.

(Ahh, I'm about to get fucked hard while everyone watches. And then I'll cum even harder.)

It would be embarrassing, but she wanted it so badly.

But Lorent did not immediately start moving and instead strongly pushed his crotch deeper and deeper.

"P-please move...and pound me."

She knew he was teasing her, so she grew tearful, pleaded him with sweet and heated breaths, and thrust her own hips up.

She showed an impressive amount of strength for such a slender frame. She arched her back and moved her hips up and down with muscular Lorent on top of her.

Lorent smiled bitterly at her wild hip movements and finally began thrusting his own hips.

"Ahhh...m-more...lots more."

Ansandra cried impatiently as his hips gradually built up speed. Her pleasure built up at the same time.

"Ah, ahh, yes, ahn, ahh...yes, cock feels so good."

Love juices flowed endlessly out, leaving Lorent's balls and inner thighs wet and glistening. It also flowed down to the valley of her butt and wet her anus.

As she writhed madly, her orderly facial features twisted erotically and she arched her back over and over. But her expression was one of joy not agony.

"Ahh, incredible. So...so deep. Ah, you're pounding me so deep. Ahh, yes, yes. ah,

your cock feels so good♪"

Everyone watching had to wonder if all women shined this bright when the man she loved was fucking her.

Pleased, Lorent continued the deep, rhythmic movement of his hips while lifting up

Ansandra's legs and bent them to either side of her body.

"Ahn, ahn, ahn..."

Ansandra had grown quite obedient, so she held up her own legs for him and spread them with her hips lifted up.

As she received the rough pistoning, the beautiful princess was turned on by her own bold and embarrassing pose. She focused on the pleasure and grew intoxicated by the hints of an orgasm arriving close.

But then he pulled his manhood right out.

"...!"

She briefly had no idea what had happened and she looked puzzled by the sudden lack of pleasure.

When she realized he had intentionally pulled out, the horny girl wet her cheeks with tears and pleaded him.

"Pant, pant. Ahh, hurry, hurry up and put it back in. I'll go crazy if you don't!"

Lorent had a tendency of briefly stopping to tease her just before she reached orgasm.

She always felt like it would drive her insane, but she knew the stimulation would soon return and the pleasure would increase several-fold.

While shamelessly maintaining her spread-legged pose, she stuck her hips out toward him.

In her intense desire to have Lorent hurry up and stick his penis back inside her, she let her guard down.

She did not notice that the man had a cruel smile in his *sanpaku* eyes and chose the hole below the one she was hoping for.

The tip was wet with her love juices and she felt it press against the indent of her anus. Then the thick head pushed right on in.

"Eh!?"

Her eyes widened at the odd feeling.

But Lorent did not let her say anything before his hips sank down.

“Hhh...ahh, th-that’s the wrong hole!”

Surprised, Ansandra groaned and desperately pointed out his mistake, but he mercilessly jammed it in.

Her sphincter was spread so wide she thought it would snap and a cold sweat covered her body despite the summer heat, the bath’s steam, and her sexual arousal.

“It’s not wrong at all. This is the hole I meant to use.”

“Th-that’s...t-too cruel... Th-that place is unclean...”

Ansandra lamented when she learned this was intentional and not a mistake.

The mistreated princess crashed down from heaven to hell and had trouble even breathing.

“Ahh, hh...”

Her groans must have worried Lorent because he asked a kind question.

“Does it hurt?”

“N-no, it’s not that... It just feels...really weird. Um...like the core of my body... is missing...”

Unlike her vagina, her anus had no hymen. But the sphincter and inner walls were not meant to accept a man’s desire.

She generally found sex embarrassing yet had grown hooked on the pleasure, but having her anus toyed with reminded her of how it felt to defecate and she simply could not enjoy it.

But the elegant girl could not honestly say that, so she stiffened up and desperately bore with it. Lorent realized how she was feeling, so he enjoyed himself by wiggling around inside her asshole.

“How about that?”

“Hee, ahhh!”

Ansandra's round and shapely butt moved obscenely as her entire body trembled and she cried out indecently.

"Heh heh. It looks to me like you enjoy having me in your ass."

"Ahh, that-..."

She could not bring herself to say "isn't true". It was not much, but she quickly realized she was deriving some uniquely embarrassing pleasure from her anus.

"Well, either way's fine with me. It's just like with the pussy. Even if it hurts at first, you'll be a girl who loves it in the ass before you know it."

"Ahh, I don't want to be that kind of girl."

Lorent ignored her tearful pleas to not become a perverted anal-loving girl and he began slowly moving in and out.

"Nnn, mhhhh."

Ansandra writhed madly as the small hole meant for releasing waste was penetrated by a thick cock.

But as she shed tears from her first anal violation, a shocking level of masochistic

beauty and smoothness filled her face.

"How lovely. A look of shame really does look perfect on you."

"Ahh, why must you be so mean...?"

The savage king took his time enjoying the beautiful princess's asshole.

"I can't stand it, ahh, I can't stand it...Hhhhn, ahhh, hh, hahh, ahhhh."

Her half-opened lips let out a constant stream of agonized cries.

As she was fucked in the ass, Ansandra felt more than just pure physical pain. It was the embarrassment that brought the tears.

But she gradually grew accustomed to it. Once her body and anus relaxed and once she stopped clenching her teeth and actually breathed properly, she found it a lot easier. She realized the way her lower stomach hit a notch seemed to

tease her and felt quite pleasant.

“Ahhh...”

A spellbound voice escaped her wide-opened mouth.

“Ha ha. Looks like you’re used to it now. Okay, time to really start moving.”

“Ahh, n-no. Ahh, please stop. Ahh, ohh, ohhhh...”

Lorent smiled sadistically and began rhythmically moving his hips.

Each thrust was like a battering ram smashing her mind and body.

The groaning voice from deep in her throat sounded nothing like her normal self, but her body was soon melting from the masochistic pleasure.

“Ahh...ahh...hahh...”

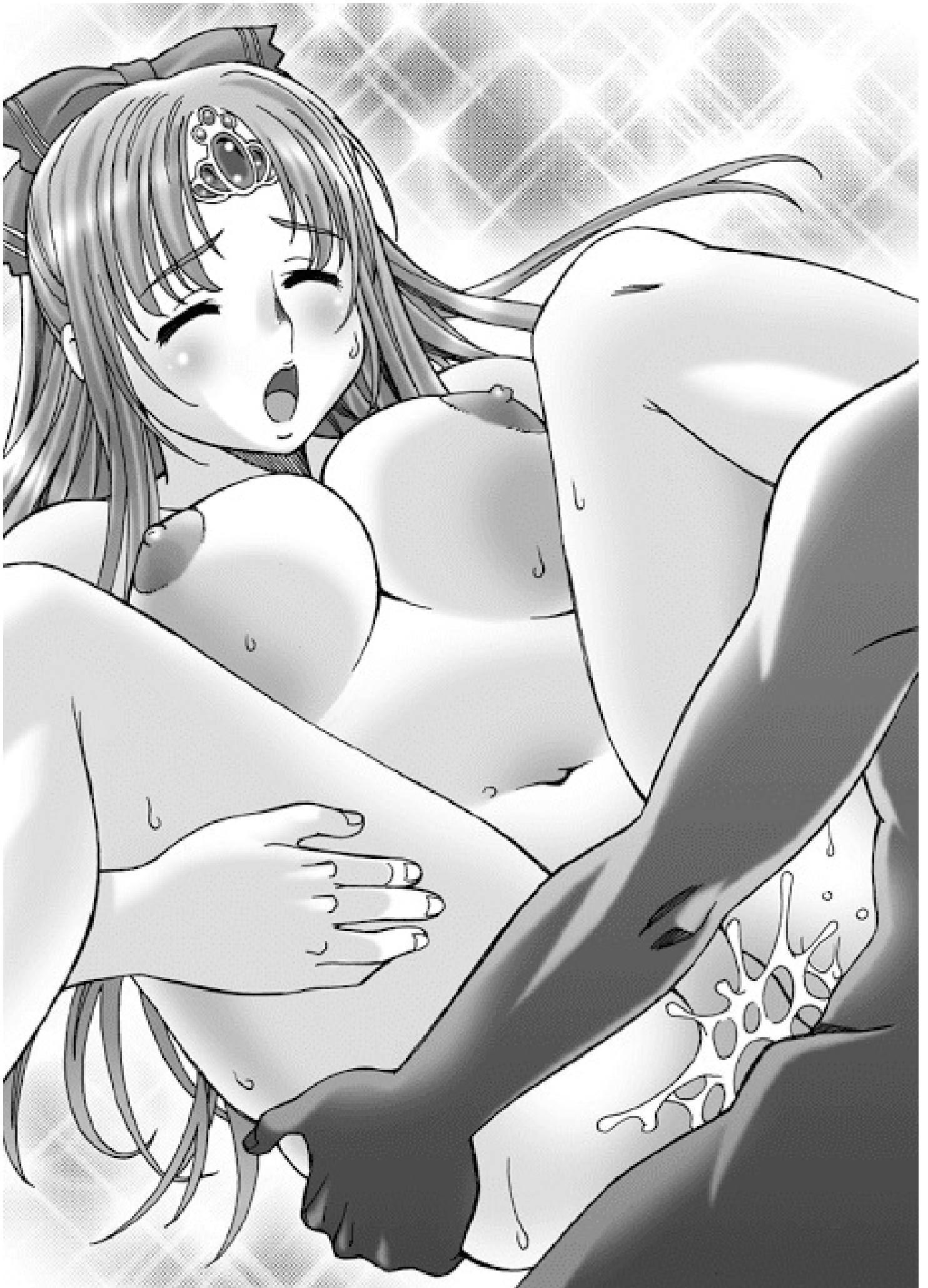
She moaned with a blank expression on her face, but she was confused in her heart.

(Wh-what do I do now? My butt feels so good. That place is unclean...but it feels so good with His Majesty’s precious thing in there. This is so embarrassing.)

“I like that look on your face. I think it’s about time I came inside your ass. Kh.”

With that announcement, a hot spray surged out inside her and pumped inside the bottomless hole.





“Ahh...”

Ansandra’s entire body went limp from the ecstasy of her first anal creampie.

Liquid sprayed forcefully from the hole in front of the one taking the meat stick. In other words, from her vagina.

She peed with her legs spread in a V-shape with her hips held high.

The liquid flew in an arc and splattered on her own beautiful face.

A sheltered royal girl like her had never even imagined something as humiliating as urinating on her own face, but her brain had been fried by masochistic pleasure.

Once the warm liquid came to a stop and Lorent had finished cumming, he pulled out his now-small penis.

When it slipped out, the anal walls were briefly stretched wide enough to see inside, but they soon tightened up and returned to the original adorable bud.

“Khhn...”

The sensation of him pulling it out felt so much like defecating that Ansandra had frantically tightened her anus.

With the solid object gone, the hole lost its painful-looking redness. The entire anus was somewhat swollen from the forceful insertion, but there was no bleeding.

A moment later, there were cheers.

“Bravo! That was an outstanding performance, our queen

♪”

“She looks so pure, but she’s actually such a horny girl. I can see why His Majesty abandoned Naja for her.”

The flying dragon knight girls embraced Ansandra’s limp form.

Naja shouted angrily back at her subordinates’ irresponsible assessment.

“I have not been abandoned. Don’t even suggest that. Say it again and this fist is going right up your pussy.”

“Kyah! Mistress Naja is angry♪”

The knight girls scattered around the open-air bath as they fled.

“And, King Lorent, you can’t just expect us to watch. I’m going next.”

Naja pushed down Lorent and washed his penis off with soap while forcing it hard again.

“M-me too♪ Me too♪ I want His Majesty to fuck me too~♪

The knight girls gathered around Lorent and an orgy began.

The following day, the Domos army had resupplied, rested, and replenished their energy in Ramlese, so they marched for the royal capital of Curling where the Clanarian army had chosen to make their last stand.

## Chapter 4: Battle of Royal Capital Curling

“This is Curling... The land in which I was born and raised.”

Ansandra sounded somber as she peeked out the carriage’s window to see her homeland after the long journey back there.

The scene before her eyes was not the one from her memories.

The Bastore Plain was blessed with plentiful grains, but Clanaria’s thorough endurance strategy had rendered it a wasteland nearly void of green.

When she had left this place, she had never even dreamed it would ever look like this.

So very much had changed in the past two months – a mere two months.

(And it is all my fault. This is the sin I must bear...)

“So it is not over yet.”

Lorent spoke to himself when he saw the famous Curling Castle.

“...Indeed.”

Stephan, the Domos military’s Chief of Staff, agreed with bitterness in his face.

Curling Castle was well-known for its magic walls which were as impressive as a heavenly palace of the gods and glowed with a brilliant white light.

It all matched the reports from the spies they had sent out ahead of them.

But large trenches had been dug around it, the dirt from that had been used to construct earthen walls, and a triple fence had been built on top of that. Those complex defenses were entirely different from that report.

“This is sure to have raised the morale of the soldiers in the castle.”

Lorent was an experienced commander for his age, but not even he had seen a castle with such largescale fortifications.

“The best tactic would be to starve them out.”

“It would indeed, but we are short on provisions ourselves. We could overcome that if the nearby villages have supplies worth taking, but if not, we would be the ones to starve. Our Domos soldiers could endure the meager provisions, but if we show an opening we are sure to see a rebellion from the cities and prisoners we just took or from Celeste and Sulbey.”

Stephan, the experienced aide, gave a serious reply to young King Lorent’s casual comment.

As they had invaded deeper into Clanarian territory, they had taken in the guards of fallen cities like Ramlese as well as mercenaries who wished to side with the apparent winner, so Domos’s forces had grown to 40,000.

The ones truly from Domos only numbered 8000, so it was clear that one wrong decision would lead to disaster.

And this number also proved that Clanaria’s army had not used their full numbers in the Battle of Corlal Field. If they had been truly worried about Domos’s invasion, they would have prepared a greater force.

A moment of carelessness had placed Clanaria in serious danger. But that also meant that a moment of carelessness could send Domos into the abyss as well.

The mercenaries were one thing, but the soldiers from the regional cities would not be willing to put up a real fight. They would only do the bare minimum.

They had only betrayed their kingdom out of fear of Domos’s military might and with Princess Ansandra’s presence giving them an excuse. The instant Domos seemed at a disadvantage, they would not hesitate to side with Clanaria once more.

The young king nodded and accepted his former tutor’s assessment.

“We have to bring down that castle before we starve.”

Lorent sighed, but he did not actually find this that serious.

He had absolute confidence in his strategic ability to determine his enemy’s weakness and use that to break through.

He knew the goddess of fortune would not always be on his side and that it was dangerous to overestimate his own ability, but that just meant he had to rape the goddess of fortune and make her his.

If he was to become a true conqueror, he needed the great economic power of Clanaria.

“Thinking isn’t going to solve this. We can start by sending out a messenger demanding they surrender. Dominic, you do the honors.”

Dominic was a proud strategist and one of Lorent’s mistresses, but ever since the Burns incident, she had become known as a “ball-devouring demon woman”, so she had become a target of fear and respect from the Domos youth.

At this point, there was an extremely high risk of a messenger being killed to send a message back, but when Dominic received the order, she set off for Curling Castle with no hint of fear.

Even while surrounded by hostile Clanarians, she boldly relayed the message.

“With all due respect, King Baldwin’s Second Princess Ansandra is now the Queen of Domos and mother of our kingdom. Thus, Domos and Clanaria are like brothers.

There is no need to prolong the ravages of war. We hope you will make the just decision for a just future. If you will cooperate, we will provide Queen Ansandra’s father Baldwin with the special position of Marquis of Clanaria. In the future, Curling will be ruled by Queen Ansandra and we will do our absolute utmost to avoid any unneeded confusion for the people of this land. We will also prepare 100 gold coins for the families of each man who died in the previous fighting.”

This was an unexpectedly generous offer from a supposedly barbaric kingdom, but Princess Virginia scoffed loudly while surrounded by Prime Minister Stuart, Minister of Foreign Affairs Dubuc, Minister of Finance Madeley, Former General Zoral, the current commander Uldarg, and high officers like Lucy.

“Ohhh ho ho ho. Could you not tell at the first glimpse of our castle? We have

no intention of capitulating. If you insist on having Clanaria, try taking it by the sword. I will crush you with my magic and send the remains of your army back to Domos!”

With her offer refused, Dominic bowed with a spiteful boldness and urged them to reconsider.

“Lady Virginia, you are Queen Ansandra’s sister, so Domos would never treat you poorly. Someone of royal Clanarian blood would rule Curling. Even if you capitulate, you will retain your pride as a kingdom, so please give it more thought. It is obvious Domos would emerge victorious if we fought now. Please consider the wellbeing of your people.”

Dominic’s comment about Domos emerging victorious wounded the pride of Clanaria’s military commanders.

“Woman, don’t get cocky! The wellbeing of our people!? You are the ones who have inhumanely invaded us! I will remove your head and hang it over the castle gate to signal the beginning of hostilities!”

The one who roared angrily, drew his sword, and approached was Uldarg.

Even with a drawn blade pointed at her, Dominic’s expression remained so aloof it seemed frozen in ice.

“Stop it! What pride have you as a warrior if you would cut down someone who has not drawn a weapon of their own?”

Lucy did not speak loudly, but Uldarg drew back as if she had thrown cold water on him.

“Messenger, you have nothing more to tell us. Please leave.”

Dominic’s dark emerald eyes coldly observed the female knight who had apparently been in an indecent relationship with Queen Ansandra. But she must have accepted her words. She said nothing more and obediently left the castle.

Lorent accepted that.

“Good work, Dominic.”

It had all been for show and he had not expected Clanaria to accept.

You could say he had given such a generous offer because he had assumed it would be rejected. But it was true he had wanted Clanaria to capitulate.

But not because he was concerned about the psychological burden on his wife Ansandra. He had simply wanted Curling Castle undamaged.

Curling was a trade center where rivers and roads intersected, so it had a large population and economic power. It would clearly be the most important fortress in his quest to conquer the continent.

“I see. So they refused, did they? It is a sign of generosity when the strong reach out a helping hand to the defeated, but it is a sign of pettiness when the defeated reject the offer and walk down the path to destruction. So let us fight and measure this strength they feel so confident in.”

After Dominic reported on the situation inside the castle, Lorent gave the order to attack.

“Carnap, give them a taste of what we can do.”

To reach Curling Castle’s walls, the Domos army would have to break through the defensive formation in the field outside.

They sent in a group of 1000 that was primarily composed of mercenaries armed with metal axes and hammers meant to break through the fences.

The Domos army itself was not equipped with siege weapons. Their focus on this expedition had been to move with lightning speed, so slowing themselves down with that kind of equipment had been out of the question.

“Whoever gets inside the castle first will be richly rewarded. Don’t hold back!”

General Carnap was a former mercenary, but Lorent had recognized his talent and selected him for his army.

His long and glossy black hair was neatly combed and he had dark, deeply-sunken eyes. The daring look on his narrow and noble face and his long and slender arms and legs left enough of an impression to tell at a glance this was not your ordinary man. His skill on horseback was not the same as a pure Domos general, but he had excellent leadership and he commanded his troops in a bold but almost cowardly careful way.



“Crush those stray dogs of Domos!”

Commander Uldarg was in charge of Clanaria’s defense and he had magic bullets and arrows fired from behind the earthen walls. Long spears were stuck through the gaps in the fences to fight back.

Long spears crossed with metal axes and both sparks and magic light burst out.

Arrows were fired from the rear of both armies to support their allies, so they blotted out the blue autumn sky. The attack and defense on either side of the fences was quite intense.

“I was right. They just threw together whatever troops they could. They aren’t fighting on the level they should with those numbers.”

After about two hours of fighting, Lorent smiled coldly while keeping his troops fighting.

Clanaria was being pushed back by Domos’s fierce attack.

Individual warriors had breached the enemy formation. When they climbed over the fences, the demoralized Clanarian soldiers fell back within the castle. The Domos soldiers’ feet thundered along the ground in pursuit as they tried to defeat the tail of the enemy troops and charge inside the castle.

But the castle gate closed when Domos was just a step away from getting in, so Carnap was forced to attack the castle’s white walls instead.

“Release the fire.”

Fire arrows and fireballs dyed the white walls a bright orange.

While the Clanarian troops inside the castle ducked back, the Domos soldiers used grappling hooks and ladders to climb the walls.

Almeida’s troops had been held back as a second wave, but they advanced once they saw that. They fired from horseback to support Carnap’s troops. That cavalry unit was made up of Domos’s greatest warriors outside of Lorent himself, but just as they approached the castle walls...

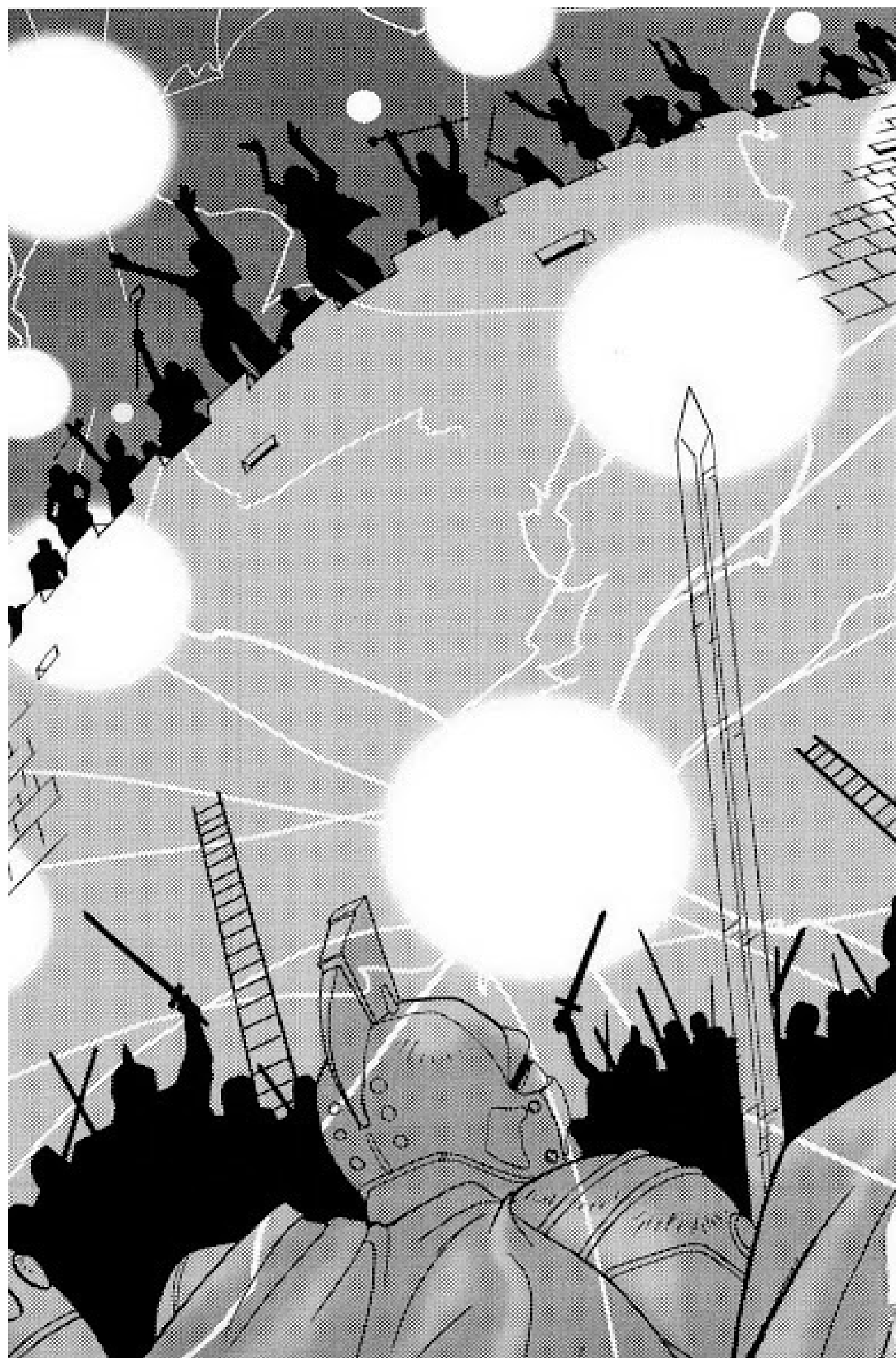
“Ohhhh ho ho ho ho. You fools can apologize to my beloved in hell. Apologize for attempting an attack far out of your league, that is.”

Atop the castle wall, Virginia let her cape flutter behind her, spread her legs wide, gave a snort, and laughed with intoxicated zeal.

“Do it.”

She gave the signal by swinging down a colorful fan decorated with peacock feathers. The 30 witches who acted as her personal guard appeared on the castle wall in black robes.

They spread their arms toward heaven. Giant magic orbs appeared there and dropped almost straight down from the wall.



This was one magic technique Virginia had developed in the course of her research. It could not fly like magic bullets could, but it allowed them to create those great orbs of magic power and drop them.

Depending on how you looked at it, this was simpler than magic bullets, but it was a truly effective attack against a foe closely gathered together and clinging to the castle wall.

With a deafening explosion, Carnap's troops fell from the wall. And Almeida's troops were below.

With more and more masses of magic power falling in that concentrated area, confusion filled the Domos army and archers sent a rapid stream of fire arrows down at them.

Carnap and Almeida attempted to draw back their troops and allow them to spread out, but the earthen walls and trench they had crossed earlier got in the way and they could not regroup properly. They instead wandered aimlessly in that narrow space and were quickly picked off by the arrows.

It seemed the earthen walls and trenches had not been for defense. They were to restrict Domos's movements once they had been drawn in to the castle's walls.

"Give the order to withdraw. No more attack is needed here. Have them temporarily withdraw."

Even Lorent sounded concerned as he commanded a withdrawal. Because he could guess what the enemy would do next.

"Pass a message to Stephan and Naja. The enemy is going to make a counterattack, so they need to cover for the withdrawing troops."

On Lorent's instructions, the armored cavalry and flying dragon soldiers waiting in the rear of the Domos army began to move. But that command proved to be too late.

"The enemy is like a trapped rat! Don't let them leave alive!"

The closed castle gate reopened and a War Goddess in a pure white uniform descended upon the battlefield.

Lucy wielded a long spear and she was followed by Clanarian soldiers driven mad by a desire for revenge.

They were not great in number, but they were enough to make a difference in the narrow land between the earthen walls, trenches, and castle wall.

The Domos soldiers were packed in too tight to swing their weapons while the Clanarian soldiers could swing their weapons and hit an enemy without even aiming.

Trapped between attacks on the ground and from above, Domos was crushed and cut down.

This was not a battle; it was a slaughter. They were unilaterally swept aside.

“Ahhh, what are you doing? Fire.”

Naja’s flying dragon unit rushed to their allies’ aid and fired arrows from even higher than the castle walls.

But unlike during the Battle of Corlal Field, they did not bring a major change to the battle. This time, Clanaria had thought up a flying dragon countermeasure.

“That is wind magic. With these distortions to the air currents, your dragons cannot fly.”

When Virginia saw the dragons approaching, she immediately set up wind barriers around the castle walls.

Several layers of distorted air defended against the archery attack and affected control of the dragons, so this magic killed two birds with one stone.

“Tch, what a pain.”

Naja and her dragon knights nearly lost control, so they quickly pulled back.

However, the Domos troops on the surface had succeeded in withdrawing while Clanaria’s attention was briefly on the sky.

Then again, calling it a withdrawal sounded nice, but it was more like Carnap, Almeida, and the rest fled for their lives.

“No further counterattack is necessary. Do not leave the fences. Return to the

castle.”

Lucy ordered her soldiers to withdraw. Outside the fences and trenches, Stephan had his cavalry prepared for the enemy. Heading out there would only get Lucy’s soldiers killed.

Clanaria’s advantage was limited to the narrow space between the castle wall and those trenches and fences.

But a win was a win.

“Raise a cry of victory, for we have won.”

“Hip hip hooray!”

This was Clanaria’s first strategic victory over Domos after a long string of defeats.

Not only did the soldiers cheer, but Virginia launched colorful magic into the sky from atop the castle wall.

“Ohhh ho ho ho. As long as I remain with you, our victory is guaranteed

♪”

The first attack had ended in failure, so Lorent quickly gathered his commanders and discussed countermeasures.

They had sent in 2000 soldiers and received 400 casualties, while the enemy had taken almost no damage at all. That was only a small part of their army, but it was still a crushing defeat.

“It would seem they still have quite a tactician among them.”

Those sexy *sanpaku* eyes, which were said to charm the female heart with the visible white on the bottom, were directed at Almeida whose prized beard was half burned and at Carnap whose pompously neat black hair was a complete mess.

Lorent was not as much of a cruel tyrant as his public image led one to believe, but he was not a foolish leader who gave important positions to incompetent people, so he was known to purge commanders as an example to others.

“I recognize that you did your absolute best. It was my mistake to carelessly attack those solid walls. But I expect you to fight valiantly to prove I am not mistaken about you. We will make an all-out attack at a later date, so work to regroup your troops before then.”

Lorent’s voice remained entirely calm, but that made it an icy blade that stroked across the kneeling generals’ necks.

He was implicitly telling them they must make up for this failure in the next battle and, if they did not, they would lose their heads.

They next discussed a plan of attack on Curling, but they could not reach a consensus.

Lorent and the rest of the Domos commanders had never before attacked a castle as large as this.

There was a suggestion to attack in waves of 1000 to exhaust the enemy, but there was a greater risk of the repeated defeats sending Domos into full retreat before the enemy tired. Domos’s staff officers were not so foolish that they failed to predict that.

“Hopard, what do you think? Have you never considered how to attack this castle?”

When Lorent’s interest turned in his direction, the defeated general paused to think with a complicated look on his face.

He could have refused to answer by saying he did not serve Lorent until Curling Castle had fallen, but Hopard was drawn in by the conqueror’s charisma.

“I have thought day and night how to defend this castle,” he began. “The defenses of Curling Castle’s walls must be among the greatest on the continent. But it is an economic city, so many waterways flow into the city. That may be a weakness.”

“...Waterways.”

It seemed castles here were indeed built differently from the ones back in Domos.

Water supply and sewage infrastructure were maintained and they formed a

labyrinthine structure belowground, so Hopard said it was possible for people to pass through there.

Lorent nodded as he viewed a map showing the shape of the walls surrounding Curling.

“Understood. I will take your idea into consideration.”

With that, Domos’s basic strategy was decided.

“Anyway, I can see now why Lucy and Virginia are known as great women,” sighed Stephan.

Lorent smiled like a proud man-eating tiger.

“If they are beautiful women, I would love to make them mine. Taming a stubborn and intelligent woman is amusing in the same way as conquering a kingdom.”

Ansandra had been drawn to her husband’s shining ambition, but she was unsure how to respond when he said he wanted her sister and friend as his mistresses.

She simply blushed and nodded.

Then she changed the subject.

“I will use what connections I have.”

She prepared herself for what was to come. There was no going back now.

Quickly conquering Curling was the fastest way to end this series of tragedies.

To accomplish that, she wrote letters asking her acquaintances to betray Clanaria and had them attached to arrows that were fired into the city. Virginia and Lucy would assume she was being forced to write them and ignore what they said, but Ansandra still put her heart and soul into writing the letters.

The following day, the Domos army had Kubdai, Vatistuta, and Lumishas’s units work together to remove the trenches and earthen walls constructed around Curling Castle’s walls.

Of course, Clanaria was not going to let them do that, so they sent a downpour of magic bullets and arrows from the castle walls and sent out foot



soldiers armed with long spears.

Fighting while filling in the trenches was extremely difficult.

Domos did not push themselves too hard, so they would pull back when Clanaria's resistance grew too great and approach again once the enemy left. They kept up the fight between the plain-looking trenches and earthen walls.

They were like cats greedily walking around some hot porridge.

After keeping up that seemingly ineffectual attack for ten days, the Domos soldiers looked anxiously up at the unshaken Clanarian capital of Curling.

"Are we going to waste a few more days like this and then retreat when our supplies run out?"

It was while they began whispering those concerns late at night that a visitor came for Ansandra.

"Mimi's brother!?"

Ansandra immediately authorized the visit when Head Maid Granmars whispered who it was in her ear.

The person who appeared was fairly short for a man. He was a young man named Legins.

"Thank you very much for the letter asking after my foolish sister. Mimi went missing a few days ago, so I hope you are not offended that I read the letter in her place."

"I see... So Mimi isn't there."

Ansandra was worried, but this was an age of war. The girl could have lost her life anywhere. But knowing that girl, Ansandra had a feeling she would show up as cheerful as ever once everything was over.

"I have a lot of influence as a merchant. I could even get inside the castle."

"Eh...!?"

Getting inside that fortified castle was no small feat, but this young man must have known a secret way. The look on his face urged her not to inquire further, so she did not. It may not have been a route that anyone other than him could

use.

“You seem to be asking around for traitors. Well, I have a suggestion there. Please provide a document ensuring the safety of Miss Frangese, who once served as your maid.”

“ ... ”

Ansandra gasped at this unexpected suggestion.

Frangese was a little girl of only 4. Contacting her would not accomplish much of anything. The political significance was found in her father.

He was Clanaria’s Minister of Finance Madeley. He was known as a financier, but he had such perfect integrity that no one had ever found cause to talk about him behind his back. Ansandra highly doubted he would betray his homeland.

“Can you pull something off with that?”

“I can.”

She was doubtful, but the young man would not have made the offer unless he was confident.

She gulped once and held her head high as she responded.

“Understood. I look forward to your efforts. Once you succeed, you will be rewarded beyond your wildest dreams.”

The final decision was hastened by news from the rear. General Lumishas of former Sulbey royalty gave a report at a war council.

“Early word has arrived from my father back home. He says there are signs of a rebellion beginning.”

The military commanders fell silent.

They all knew the time limit had arrived.

All told, Clanaria was far more powerful than Domos. They could easily imagine how Domos’s position would rapidly decline in a long-term battle.

It was entirely possible that Clanaria’s strategy had been to draw in Domos’s main force, send spies to Domos-controlled territory, and foment rebellion.

Lorent had gathered a fanatic level of faith in Domos itself, but he was no more than an invader in Celeste and Sulbey.

It would surprise no one if there were people in those lands that would believe a rebellion could succeed if they had the cooperation of a large kingdom like Clanaria.

If the Sulbey region was sealed off by a rebel army, Domos's army would lose its path back home.

So if they lost here, they would be truly eradicated.

(The standard choice would be to pull back before the Sulbey rebellion grows and extinguish those flames. Either that or go for an all-or-nothing bet on conquering Curling.)

The preparations for an all-out attack were making progress, but there were no absolutes in war.

They should withdraw here. Continuing on would be too risky a bet.

But they all knew their king's temperament.

"..."

Lorent said nothing as he left the encampment.

The outside was dyed blood red by the setting sun.

Lorent mounted his beloved steed Black Flame Hair, rode out to the front of his army, drew Fang of the Demon God, and held that great sword toward heaven.

"We will now make an all-out attack. Tonight shall mark Clanaria's demise. Do not allow the Clanaria Kingdom to see the sunrise."

His black bronco, black breastplate, and black blade glittered gold with the last rays of the sun.

He looked sinisterly beautiful and the people were convinced anew that he was the conqueror who had the devil's favor.

Then Ansandra walked out in a translucent red dress and spread her arms before the troops.

“There is no good or evil in war. It is the victor who continues writing history. It is the victor who defines justice. Much blood must be spilled whenever the gears of history turn. We must use any means necessary to build a lasting peace for the future. So win. Do so and the world will smile upon you.”

Her plentiful blonde hair blew in the dust of the battlefield and every curve of her body showed through her dress with the setting sun behind her.

Her breasts had grown, her stomach was slender, and her butt had filled in. She had a sex appeal no one would expect from a girl still in her teens, but that may have come from how very much sex she was having.

She had the divine beauty of a goddess. But goddesses came in many varieties.

This goddess accepted slaughter in the name of mercy and she was overflowing with a frightening level of sensual beauty.

“As the wife of Domos King Lorent and the legitimate ruler of Clanaria, I have but one command: bring ruin to Clanaria.”

She was a wicked woman who had turned on her homeland. Her beautiful body was wrapped in cloth seemingly stained with blood, and nothing could have been more appropriate for a conqueror’s wife.

Lorent smiled in satisfaction, reached an arm down from his horse, wrapped it around that demon-charmed woman’s slender body, and exchanged a passionate kiss with her.

“As you can see, Clanarian women are beautiful nymphomaniacs. So go get one for yourselves, men.”

“Ohhhhh!!!”

After their king and queen’s encouragement, the soldiers’ morale was sky high.

Domos soldiers were generally uninterested in the finer points of strategy. They preferred all-or-nothing attacks.

“Every last soldier continue after me. We will take Curling as the first step toward conquering the continent.”

The army led by a bloodthirsty demon king began attacking the castle with its full strength.

“It appears Domos is making an all-out attack. King Lorent has been seen in the lead.”

Lucy climbed to the top of a lookout tower after receiving that report.

The western sky was dyed a brilliant orange by the setting sun. When she looked down, she saw the entire Domos army spread out lengthwise and widthwise and filling the air with shouts and war drums.

A forest of the Domos army’s Divine Wolf flags rose up with an extra-large Golden Dragon flag in the center.

Next to it was a man on horseback whose black armor shined gold in the reflected sunlight.

No one told her so, but she instinctually knew that was Domos King Lorent.

Upon realizing that, Lucy nocked an arrow in her bow and loosed it.

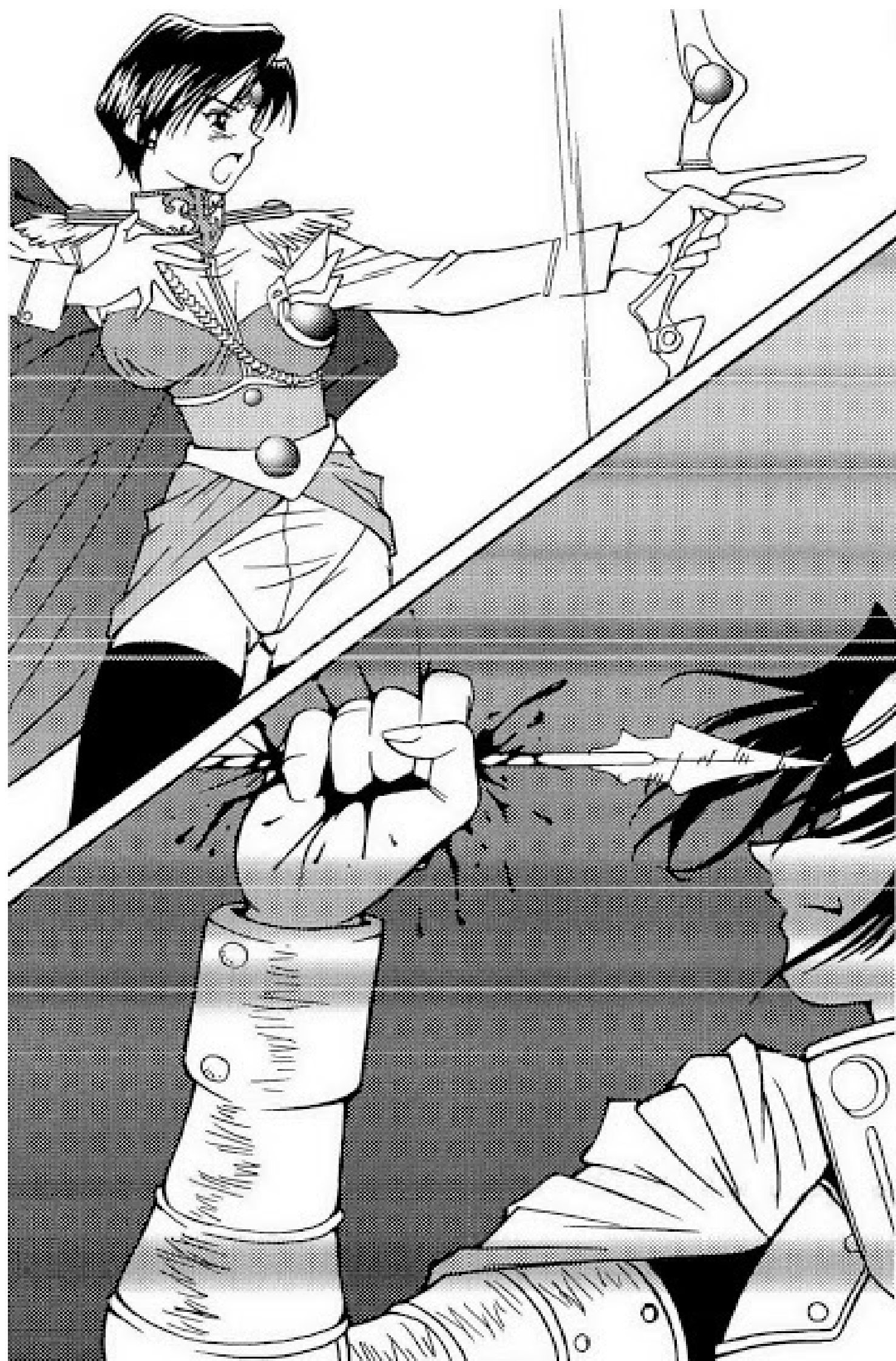
(Hit him!)

This was at the farthest reaches of a bow’s range, but it was worth trying for Lucy who was skilled enough to be known as a divine archer.

“Wha-...!?”

She was dumbfounded when she saw what had become of her arrow as it flew right on target.

She had not expected to actually kill him, but she had hoped to injure him and laugh at him if he fell from his horse. But Lorent actually caught the flying arrow in his right hand.





Even if the arrow's force had weakened at the far end of its range, that was the kind of trick only a stage performer would be able to pull off.

(Impossible...)

After performing that seemingly superhuman feat, Lorent nocked the same arrow in his own bow and fired it.

The arrow stabbed deep into the castle wall below Lucy's feet.

(How powerful an archer is he...?)

Lucy's heart was filled with awe and fear as she stared blankly at the enemy.

"Curse that barbarian king. It looks like the shock has finally worn off. Does he think he can breach these walls if he takes the lead to drive up morale? The fool."

It took a fair amount of effort for Lucy to muster a daring and cold smile.

"Let's show him what Curling's defenses can do. Draw in the enemy, return fire with magic bullets and arrows from the walls, and give pursuit when their ranks crumble. This must be a last-ditch effort for Domos. Work hard, everyone."

Clanaria's army also raised their voices and beat their war drums as they prepared to meet Domos in battle.

Lucy had been taught military strategy by her father Albare, so she was confident she accurately understood Domos's circumstances and mentality. The one fear in her heart was that that fearsome man had no strategy in mind and was simply making a straightforward all-out attack.

"Charge!"

When Lorent looked up at the towering white walls and roared that command,

hooves rumbled along the ground and Domos approached.

They attacked through the areas where the fences and trenches had been filled in over the past several days.

The cavalry changed direction when they were about to run right into the white wall.

They circled to the left and right while right up alongside the wall and they



fired arrow after arrow from horseback.

Undaunted, the Clanarian soldiers launched magic and loosed fire arrows.

After using the 20 arrows in each of their quivers, Domos's first wave left the castle wall and the second wave rushed in.

This time, they did not change direction in front of the wall and instead fired or set up grappling hooks and ladders which they used to climb up.

"Don't let them up! Knock them down!"

On Lucy and Virginia's orders, hundreds of arrows and magic attacks poured down on the enemy.

The Domos soldiers clinging to the wall were knocked down one after another, but the lucky ones continued climbing.

Then the third wave arrived.

They spread out to the left and right while right alongside the white wall and fired arrows from horseback.

With their support, a few dozen of the second wave successfully reached the top of the wall.

"Kill them!"

With a yell, the Domos soldiers let their bared blades flash as they raced across the wall.

They were met by a dull and shiny wall of spear tips. The Domos soldiers were skewered by that wall, gave off a spray of blood, and fell back down to their allies on the ground.

But the Domos soldiers ignored their allies' corpses and rushed to the wall.

Eventually, Domos had made five all-out attacks, but Clanaria had successfully driven back each one.

The castle walls glowed white even at night and they seemed entirely impregnable.

Domos had to have already lost more than 2000. Clanaria's losses were not insignificant, but they were thought to be less than half of Domos's.

“They just keep up this hopeless attack...”

Clanaria could sense Domos’s incredible intensity, but Lucy’s calculations told her Clanaria could win this. But then during the 6th wave...

“Fire! Fire is flowing inside!”

Screams rose from the city.

Curling was a large city with highly-maintained waterways. The enemy had apparently sent oil through one waterway and then thrown a fireball in after it. Flames raced across the water’s surface.

“Oh, no!? Did Lorent take the lead to distract us from this plan?”

The ten days of seemingly meaningless fighting had been a means of securing the entrance to the waterways.

After realizing the enemy’s plan, Lucy gave up any attempt to head outside the walls and took the soldiers under her direct command back into the city.

The magic soldiers led by Virginia and the archers could handle protecting the castle walls for a while.

The autumn sun was said to set quickly, but even after it had fully set and stars filled the sky, the city was still lit by the bright red flames.

Lucy raced to the scene on her white horse, but the flames would not be put out.

The enemy was using wind magic to send in oxygen and intensify the flames. And as the wind whipped, the fire would spread to the wooden houses near the waterway.

“Put out the fire! Don’t let it spread to the buildings. Immediately tear down any building that is burning or about to burn!”

Lucy barked an order that was strategically sound, but was nothing but trouble for the people who lived there.

She wanted to set up a wind barrier to weaken the fire, but Domos’s magic forces were apparently focused on this plan and the wind barrier simply would not take.

“Wh-what is that...!?”

Human silhouettes appeared within the conflagration on the water.

Domos infantry had entered the castle after the fire. They had traveled through the waterway even as their own armor was set ablaze.

That suicide squad was led by Burns, the unfortunate young man whose balls had been bitten off by the madwoman Dominic.

Luckily, his balls had been reattached with magic healing. There were rumors that the psychological scars had left him impotent...but it seemed he was not that weak-willed after all.

“Daryaaaaah!!! I’ll hog all the glory for myself again!!! And then I’ll be rewarded with a kiss from Lady Dominic!!!”

Burns advanced while swinging around a mace that had to weigh as much as Dominic. He was foolhardiness itself, but his actions had a great effect on enemy and ally alike.

He had made a name for himself (for better or for worse) at the Battle of Corlal Field, so he had volunteered for this dangerous mission so that he would no longer be known as the man who had his balls bitten off by a woman. And he was achieving actual results here.

The large man seemed several sizes larger than he really was. He was the type who grew more talented the more he accomplished. What had once been a simple young man had grown into an incomparable hero.

“Ahhhhh... The enemy has made it inside the castle walls.”

A few Clanarian soldiers uttered groans of despair and collapsed, but Lucy swiftly provided new instructions.

“Use ice magic. Freeze the entire waterway.”

A chill soon poured down from all directions and the waterway froze with the Domos soldiers inside it. Burns became an ice sculpture out in front of the rest.

“Ohhh ho ho ho♪ This is a largescale magic experiment. There is no need to hold back. Keep firing that magic like crazy!”

The defense of the castle wall had intensified even further.

The Domos army had made eight waves of attacks, but Princess Virginia's heroic actions had saved and supported the Clanarian army.

The deadly battle was primarily fought on the north side of Curling Castle, so Clanaria's focus was naturally turned to the north. One woman smiled to herself as she looked up at the south wall.

The female knight was lightly armored and had her red hair roughly tied back.

"Honestly, you're so busy covering your tits you've left your ass wide open ♪"

Naja laughed cheerfully as she led her flying dragon unit up into the night sky.

"Now's the time. Jump onto the wall."

Around 100 brave warriors had been clinging to the backs of the flying dragon knights and they now jumped down onto Curling's castle wall.

"Okay, get going! Everyone in there is an enemy, so kill them all!"

This suicide squad was led by Shigsal.

That extremely young member of the Pixy clan led Domos soldiers who wore no armor and only wielded hand axes.

Of course, the Clanarian army had not left the south gate entirely unguarded. But just as this attack from the sky caught them unawares, veteran commander Stephan made an assault with his unit.

"Werner, you handle this."

"As you wish."

The man who took the lead was a long-time hero of the Domos army. People referred to him as Werner the Decapitator.

He was not just now making a name for himself like Burns. There was not a soldier in Domos who had not heard of his exploits.

Thanks to the enemy's confusion, Werner arrived at the south gate without anyone stopping him and he swung his massive sword.

He broke through the great metal gate with deafening sounds of destruction.

“Okay, we’re in. Follow after Werner!”

The encouraged Domos soldiers rushed in with swords held high. The cornered Clanarian soldiers desperately fought back.

An intense melee developed and the outer edge of Curling Castle was filled with a flurry of blades and spears.

The Domos army had a slight advantage in this sort of battle. Screams of despair echoed across the walls. Nevertheless, the Clanarian resistance intensified.

Swords, spears, and other blades clashed together while the stone pavement and stairs below their boots grew red and slick with the blood of both sides.

“Minister of Finance Madeley has surrendered to the enemy.”

Lucy glared silently at the castle wall when that bad news arrived. Each gate had been breached in what seemed like a chain reaction.

“That settles it...”

Ansandra breathed a sigh that could have been relief or despair as she heard the new development while trembling in a carriage at the rear of the Domos army.

The betrayal of one of Clanaria’s highest officials would be a great shock.

She heard the screams of Clanaria’s people and the cheers of Domos’s. Anyone could tell the victor had just been decided. More and more of Clanaria’s soldiers were killed or ran out of strength and surrendered.

Minister of Foreign Affairs Dubuc had been banging his wooden staff against the castle wall to encourage the Clanarian troops, but as the enemy pushed in like a tsunami and allies collapsed all around him, even he prepared to jump to his death. But just before he could, Shigsal reached him and took him prisoner.

“Do not fall back! This battle shall determine whether we must flee to some other kingdom or not!”

Uldarg put up an impressive fight as he defended the north gate where

fighting was fiercest.

That former aide to the late General Albare had 4 sword wounds and 6 arrow wounds, but he continued fighting back against the gathering Domos army with the ferocity of a lion.

He had initially used a sword, but that proved too unwieldy here and he began swinging around a large machete instead.

As he fought, he found he had been dragged outside the gate. He saw the enemy commander named Almeida within that melee.

“He must be an important figure in Domos to wear such fine armor. If I slayed him, I could die with no regrets.

The wild warrior brandished his large machete, kicked his horse, and raced straight toward Almeida.

“Very well. I will send you to the afterlife.”

Almeida was forced to raise his spear against Uldarg.

Sparks flew from their weapons and their horses crashed into each other.

The impact was so great they both wobbled in their saddles.

Uldarg’s fierce courage was no less than Almeida’s iron courage, but their horses were a different matter. The front legs of Uldarg’s steed crumbled and he was thrown to the ground. Domos soldiers rushed in to cut him down.

A pillar of blood erupted...but from the Domos soldiers.

Uldarg had rolled along the ground while swinging his large machete to slice through the enemy soldiers. He hopped to his feet and clicked his tongue in disappointment when Almeida was nowhere to be seen, but then he spotted a new target.

“General Hopard!? You were honored with the position of Left General and yet you sold out your kingdom, you immoral traitor! How dare you set foot in the land of your ancestors once more!”

Hopard was surprised to hear his name shouted with such rage.

The wild warrior had no horse or helmet and ran over with nothing but a

bloody machete.

Hopard could have argued his case, but he was not given the time. More importantly, Lorent had graciously not punished him as a prisoner of war and he had come on horseback to see the final moments of his doomed homeland. It was obvious what that would look like.

Hopard caught the bloody blade on a metal fan, but the difference in intensity was even greater than the difference in combat skill. After the third exchange, he abandoned the metal fan and turned his horse around. Uldarg prepared to swing the large machete down on the fleeing man's back, but then an arrow flew in from the side and pierced his left eye.

"Hgh."

Even that berserker came to a brief stop. But then he forcibly pulled out the arrow.

His eyeball came with it, but he threw it aside all the same.

He was more frustrated that a second target had escaped him.

His remaining, bloodshot eye raced around in search of another target, but then the wall of cavalry opened up to either side.

"What...?"

He saw a large black horse ridden by a tall man with perfect proportions. His face

was made from deep, graceful lines and his *sanpaku* eyes gave off an intense light. He looked unreal in the light of the magic and fire flying all around them.

He was accompanied by a woman with notably large breasts for her slender frame who rode on a chestnut horse. Uldarg recognized her as the one who had come to Curling Castle to demand they surrender.

"Your Majesty..."

Dominic gave a warning when that bloodshot eye reached her. Lorent silently nodded and drew his great sword.

"...Domos King Lorent."

Uldarg gasped at his incredible luck.

While wandering the melee, he had happened across the enemy's supreme commander who he had sworn revenge against. Taking this man's head would change everything. It would cost Uldarg his life, but no opponent would be more valuable.

"Your head is miiiiine!"

Uldarg gave a roar and raced across the ground. He raised his large machete overhead with an arm soaked to the elbow in blood.

Thick blades crossed, a rainbow light flashed, the heavy clashing of metal rang out, and it was all absorbed by the autumn night. The force of the impact knocked

Uldarg's entire body back and he collapsed to the ground.

"Gh..."

He was a great warrior. Not as great as Lorent, but the gap was not so great that it should have ended in a single exchange. However, Uldarg had already used up too much of his stamina.

He tried to get back up when another attack was incoming, but that was when he made a mistake.

He normally thought of his armor as no different from normal clothing, but it now felt unbelievably heavy.

The badly injured warrior glared at his sworn enemy with regret burning fiercely in his one eye.

Lorent asked a question from horseback.

"What is your name?"

"Uldarg."

The exhausted man spat back the answer and then gathered all the strength remaining in his body to roar up at the other man.

"But I am also known as the man who curses Domos King Lorent. Barbarian, do not think your cursed luck will last forever. Your path is paved with blood



and you will one day pay the price for your evil deeds. I will become a vengeful spirit that will destroy Domos. Wa ha ha ha ha ha!!!”

Uldarg laughed like a madman and swung his machete down at his own throat.

The fountain of blood reached as far as Lorent’s cheek.

“Hmph. Say whatever you like.” Lorent looked disappointed because he had hoped to capture the man and have him fight for him. “I will soon have thousands of vengeful spirits cursing me, so I can’t let a curse from the likes of you bother me.”

Just then, Lorent’s left cheek reflected a bright light. Dawn had arrived. The light rose from the distant eastern horizon and it illuminated the white castle wall which had been scarred by magic bullets and arrows.

With so many of its blades broken and quivers empty, the Clanarian army was losing the ability to fight in an organized fashion. When Lorent received word that all four gates had been taken, he gave an order.

“Okay, enter the castle. You are free to take what riches and women you find. But kill no one who surrenders. Now go.”

## Chapter 5: A Roughly Fallen Flower

“The castle gate...the castle gate was breached. The enemy is inside the city.”

That cry of despair reached the Clanarian soldiers' ears and their morale was shattered.

The flames rising from the waterway wriggled and coiled like countless serpents as they burnt through the city. Vortexes of black smoke ascended and blotted out the sky while the scarlet and golden flames reflected off of armor and blades. The bizarre beauty of the scene sent tremors down the spines of all who saw it.

Within that, Burns, who had been frozen into an ice sculpture in the waterway, shattered the ice clinging to his body and finally advanced onto land.

“Hell yeah!!! That kiss from Lady Dominic is mine!!!”

The Clanarian soldiers shuddered when they saw his courageous form. From thenceforth, he was known as the Demon Beast of Domos and his name would never be forgotten.

“Curse them!”

Fresh blood dripped from Virginia's fist after she punched a stone wall. She was a genius at using magic and she had plenty of ambition as a commander, but she was still an amateur when it came to war.

“Princess, we cannot hold this position. We should fall back to the palace.”

When Old General Zoral, who was assisting her in her command role, suggested that, Virginia weakly nodded.

There was no winning this. But as a princess, she had a duty to return to the royal palace, say goodbye to her bedridden father, clean herself up, and face an end worthy of a royal.

To protect her, Zoral took command of 40 men and they started for the palace.

They were pursued by a unit commanded by Lumishas.

When that female general on a palomino horse approached, the old general drew a double-edged mid-sized sword and fought back to allow the princess to escape.

“You shall not pass here! I will guard this spot with my life. Everyone, die so the princess may live!”

“Outta the way, old man.”

Lumishas swung her metal whip and the mid-sized sword shattered like it was made of glass.

Lumishas killed Zoral and half of the soldiers guarding Virginia, but their desperate defense allowed Virginia herself to escape.

That problem princess had often been given cold looks due to her daily behavior, but her heroic actions in this emergency had driven up her popularity with the soldiers.

And since she was first in line to the throne, they hoped that shrewd Prime Minister Stuart might find a political resolution if she was guided back to the royal palace. But before anything political could be addressed, the Domos barbarians began their pillaging. And their primary objective was the royal palace that would naturally have the most treasures.

Carnap’s unit took the lead.

“Secure King Baldwin dead or alive. His Majesty is generous. Whoever succeeds here will have all the gold coins and jewels they can carry. And you can fuck as many Clanarian beauties as you want. Even the lowliest grunt could become a general here. Grab glory and fortune with your own two hands.”

That speech sounded convincing coming from a former mercenary.

The Clanarian soldiers put up a desperate final resistance, but they failed to make any headway against the Domos soldiers who were blinded by desire.

The great hall which contained the throne and the water palace that Ansandra so loved were targeted by the looting and were destroyed. The glorious phoenix flag was trampled underfoot.

“No, stop.”

The screams of women, ladies, and maidens filled the palace.

A bloody path extended further and further inside, leaving destruction and slaughter in its wake. And just as it approached the greatest depths...

“Ohhh ho ho ho!”

Loud laughter rang from the back of a straight corridor with white walls and golden decorations.

“Have a taste of my ultimate fire magic: the Crimson Heaven Flower Formation! Go!!!”

Red light flashed and crimson flames burst out.

A scorching heat rivalling the roar of the Flame Dragon God swept down the corridor.

The incredible temperature melted the stone floor and walls, creating flowing lava.

More than 20 carnivorous Domos beasts driven mad by ambition and desire were instantly erased from the world.

The Domos soldiers who escaped that fate grew pale and came to a stop.

“What is the meaning of this!?”

Having heard the commotion, Carnap ran over and looked down the corridor as a blazing wind blew through it. There he saw a woman standing tall with around 10 witches with her.

“Ohhhh ho ho ho. I merely gave our uninvited guests an appropriate welcome.”

Her gorgeous blonde hair was tied up with a decorative red thread, her ample body looked about to burst out of her needlessly-revealing royal blue and dark purple clothing, she wore silk shoulder guards that could not possibly provide any protection, and she wore a long cape that only looked like it would get in her way.

She also had large colorful magical jewels that sparkled inside accessories on

her forehead, neck, ears, fingers, and wrists.

Her face showed milky white skin and beautiful features with perfectly applied makeup. Her azure eyes contained a deep intelligence and shined with intense pride. She was a beautiful woman with an indomitable life force.

“Princess Virginia, heir to the Clanarian throne!? ...The rumored magic obsessive?”

Carnap immediately identified her, but one thing seemed off to him. He had to tilt his head at the thought that this was the sister of that obedient queen.

This woman was like a large rose, the exact opposite of Ansandra’s pure grace.

“Do not falter. We will not let her use that powerful magic again!! Virginia is not just Clanaria’s first princess; she is also the one who commanded this battle against us. Only the king would be a greater prize. Whoever captures her will be given great riches. Take this chance for yourself.”

Hearing Carnap’s roaring voice, the wild Domos beasts converted their ambition into courage, raised a cry and charged while lifting their swords, stroking their spears, and swinging around their axes.

Carnap was not actually wrong. The enemy did indeed not fire that powerful magic again. However, a flurry of weaker magic flew toward them and prevented even a single man from approaching.

Then what about arrows? They generally had a longer range than magic, so using archers to hit the enemy’s magic soldiers was a basic tactic.

But in the narrow corridor, the arrows could only arrive through a limited space. Setting up a wind barrier was more than enough of a countermeasure and the arrows slowed and fell to the floor long before reaching their target.

The Domos army of course had its own magic users, but Domos was not known for its magic and most of them were selected from mercenaries who had found their way to Domos. They were simply no match for the witches trained with the research that was heavily funded thanks to the first princess’s hobby.

You would not find a unit with greater magical techniques anywhere in

Domos, Clanaria, or perhaps the entire continent. Only Tode's magic school in the Ralfint kingdom might outdo them.

Either way, they were one of the world's greatest magic forces. When they were desperate and holed up in the narrow space of a corridor, they were truly hard to deal with.

With the conditions and environment so limited, it was impossible to break through just by sending in waves of soldiers riding on the momentum of Domos's overall victory. But no matter how skilled these witches were, they still had to eat and shit. So Carnap considered waiting until they starved, but then he received some unexpected reinforcements.

"Cornering the rumored magic-crazed princess is all well and good, but it would seem you are having difficulties."

"Your Majesty..."

After hearing the commotion surrounding Princess Virginia, Lorent had come to see for himself.

"If this is too much for you, then I will take care of it myself."

"This is not worth your time, Your Majesty."

Carnap felt pressed to end this immediately

This woman was perhaps the greatest prize in this battle and she was right in front of him, so having someone else – and his king at that – assist him would call his skill as a commander into question.

And since he was an upstart, he had to constantly prove his worth to enemy and ally alike. He especially wanted to avoid losing any points here after his failure on the first day of the attack on Curling.

Then the wily, chestnut-haired woman by Lorent's side made a comment.

"General Carnap. If possible, please capture that woman unharmed."

"That's quite a tall order."

He was having enough trouble simply taking the corridor, so having to capture her without killing her increased the difficulty considerably.

Virginia was clearly risking her life on this. If cornered, she would likely commit suicide.

“She would make a valuable prisoner both to ensure Queen Ansandra’s mental stability and to keep the popular will of the Clanarian people.”

Lorent shrugged at Dominic’s coldhearted suggestion.

“You heard her. So can you do it?”

“Let’s do this thing. I swear I will capture her and present her to you. How about placing her alongside Queen Ansandra and enjoying two sisters at once?”

Carnap boldly smiled and cracked a joke, so Lorent grinned.

“Very good. It is in your hands. Capture her unharmed and the greatest reward will go to you.”

“I will see what I can do.”

Motivated by his king, Carnap waited until the end of one magic barrage and then made ferocious charge of his own.

“Those Domos dogs must want to give us an even greater feast of roast meat.”

Virginia mocked the enemy’s recklessness, ordered another barrage of magic bullets, and fired some herself, but the swordsman continued forward without stopping.

As the magic power poured down on him like rain, he negated it with a swing of his sword.

“Eh?”

It was such a surprise that Virginia came to a stop.

“Princess!”

Two of the witches swiftly responded by standing in front of Virginia and setting up a magic barrier.

But it was next to useless when Carnap swung down his sword, so one of them had her left arm sliced off at the shoulder and the other was knocked away by the sword’s hilt.

Still, their faithful service was rewarded. Virginia recovered from her temporary daze, sent a long band of light from her left hand, and swung it down.

The glowing whip collided with the metal sword and magic light scattered through the air.

The impact was enough to stop the dangerous swordsman.

“Oh? You know some interesting tricks. I’m a little shocked.”

Virginia narrowed her eyes while letting the injured witches retreat behind her. She had long studied magic, so she had quickly worked out just what he had done.

It was a technique known as a Sorcerer’s Sword. The user would send magic power directly into the weapon, which would sharpen the blade and either deflect or negate magic.

It was more powerful than a Magic Sword, which was a weapon that had magic applied during its production, or a Magic-Charged Sword, which was a normal weapon with magic power temporarily applied to it. Depending on the user’s skill, it would make a wooden sword sharp enough to slice through stone. This was the secret technique that had allowed Carnap to rise in the ranks.

“I’m shocked too. What the hell is that?”

Carnap’s eyes widened at the sight of Virginia’s magic whip.

It was a further evolved form of a Sorcerer’s Sword that allowed the mass of magic power to maintain its form without the medium of a sword. It went without saying just how much skill that would require.

Carnap was certain that this flashy woman who two witches had risked their lives to protect was Princess Virginia, but he asked anyway.

“Are you Clanarian First Princess Virginia?”

The beautiful woman maintained her haughty behavior as she answered the rude and filthy man.

“I am indeed. So stand back, knave.”



Even if it was an act, Carnap liked how the princess remained proud even now.

Seeing her with that magic whip was enough to make him want her to demand he submit to her.

(If she did, I might just throw down my sword and surrender.)

That very un-warrior-like thought flashed through the back of his mind.

Their brief confrontation was the prelude to a lightning strike. Single combat between a magic user and a swordsman never lasted long.

And given this princess's personality, demanding she surrender would accomplish nothing.

"I am Domos General Carnap. My king has summoned you. Please come with me."

As soon as the words left his mouth, he swung his magic-covered sword so it sliced through the air.

Virginia was surprised by how quickly he approached, but she was not foolish enough to try to match his swordsmanship.

She had been taught self-defense, but she was not as confident in that as in magic. Her cape fluttered as she moved back.

The metal blade passed horizontally through the space the queen had vacated half a moment before.

She was now outside of the sword's range but he was within her whip's range, so she tried to swing the magic whip, but the swordsman placed his weight on his front leg and spun his body around to maintain the sword's momentum and make another attack.

"Hyah!"

Virginia had little combat experience, so that was enough to surprise her and she frantically ducked down.

The sword sliced through her golden hair.

Tufts of golden strands fluttered through the air. More than 20cm of her hair

fell away, leaving her with semi-long hair, but she used her ducking motion for a spring-like jump backwards while swinging her whip.

She easily deflected Carnap's Sorcerer's Sword.

But that was a diversion. As soon as her feet landed on the floor, she swept her arm to the side and raised her voice.

"Begone!"

Magic light burst from her hand. The princess used two different kinds of magic at once.

Even with the help of magic jewels, that demonstrated shocking skill. And this went beyond just one shot. Twelve lightning bullets were launched at once.

"What!?"

Carnap's deep, dark eyes reflected a wall of electric current, not a ball or line of magic.

Not even a skilled hero like him could slice through 12 pieces of magic launched at such close range.

He threw his tall body to the floor to escape. But he could not fully escape and a few shots grazed his back. Virginia gave a fearless smile and swung her magic whip down...or meant to.

An arrow flew from behind Carnap and toward Virginia's face.

"...Wha-!?"

She used the magic whip to knock down the arrow. And that opening proved devastating.

While lying on the floor and trying to endure the intense pain, Carnap rolled over to her feet and swept his legs into the back of the princess's knees.

"Kyah!"

Her legs gave out, she screamed in an unexpectedly cute way, and she fell right on her ass.

Carnap acted quickly from there. He twisted up Virginia's right wrist and negated the magic whip.

He held the princess's slender wrists together and tied them up above her head while calling to his men.

"I have captured Princess Virginia. The rest are barely a threat. Charge!"

"You coward!!"

"Sorry. I was never planning on killing myself along with a fallen princess. I had a bit of a trick prepared."

Carnap looked over his shoulder and shouted his thanks to a soldier wielding a bow. Then he smiled at pinned Virginia whose beautiful face was twisted in regret.

"Don't worry. I won't kill you. Your sister is our queen, after all. And my king seems to want your body."

The Domos soldiers raced past them.

With their princess gone, the witches faltered in the face of Carnap's men's charge. They may have lost all will to fight once their passionate commander was lost. Plus, they were badly outnumbered. Not many witches could hold their own when attacked by five warriors at once. They all had their arms and legs restrained and were pinned to the ground just like Virginia.

"Now, now. Don't be mean to my sister-in-law. Be a gentleman, why don't you?"

Virginia lay face up and a man in black armor stood above her.

"Sorry, Your Majesty. I am of low birth. More importantly, here is what you desired."

Carnap's behavior told Virginia who this was, so she looked up in horror.

"You are Domos King Lorent..."

"Yes, I am. Nice to meet you. Sister."

Lorent looked down at the hatred on Virginia's face and grinned as he called her "sister".

"You made Ansandra cry, didn't you? I will never forgive you for that!"

"Hm? Yes, I certainly did that. She always cries when she starts feeling the

pleasure.”

“You piece of shit!”

When she heard him insult her sister, Virginia’s anger gave her a burst of strength she used to shake Carnap off of her and she tried to activate some magic.

A large sword gave a flash and sliced off the magical jewel decorating her chest.

And that caused the magic to fail.

“Oh, don’t you move. You are Ansandra’s precious sister. I have no intention of killing you.”

“Hmph. Enjoy your victory while you can...”

Virginia spat back while regretfully lying on her back.

“Heh heh heh. Now that’s a nice expression. And up close, you’re quite an attractive woman.”

Virginia was lying on her long purple cape and Lorent lustily viewed her like he was licking her with his eyes.

Since they were sisters, she did look a lot like Ansandra, but at three years older, her body was considerably more mature.

Her sexually attractive body was contained in a skintight royal blue outfit that he could only imagine she wore to seduce men. The cleavage of her ample mounds was exposed at her chest and her perfectly plump and milky-white thighs were exposed below her ultra-miniskirt.

She wore that provocative clothing, she was sprawled out on the floor with her arms bound above her head, and she glared up at him with hatred on her face.

“I am fond of dominating prideful woman like you.”

“Don’t tell me you intend to rape me, Ansandra’s sister. Just try it and see what happens: I’ll bite off your tiny dick.”

Lorent roared with laughter at Virginia’s caustic words.

“Even better. Now I absolutely must embrace you, fuck you, and dominate you.”

“Silence! You pervert!”

“I will take that as a compliment.”

She shouted like she was going to cough up blood, but it rolled right off Lorent’s back and he swung his sword.

He pressed the cold blade against the cleavage of Virginia’s ample breasts... and lowered it.

As he sliced through her skintight suit, it split to either side and revealed the gorgeous black underwear below.

The black bra and panties dug tightly into her white skin, they had rose pattern openwork, and they created a provocative yet elegant atmosphere.

A lot of work had gone into that luxury underwear, so it really was fit for a princess.

The panty material was thin and small and the sides were essentially strings. In other words, it was a G-string.

“Ohhh...!”

A cheer rose from their surroundings. A kingdom’s princess in her underwear was not something you saw every day. The soldiers lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time gulped as they watched.

“Really, there’s no helping you all, is there?”

Lorent smiled bitterly, but he did not scold the soldiers. In fact, he moved the blade to the bra’s clasp to give the spectators what they wanted.

“Hey, shouldn’t we stop him?”

General Carnap was having trouble watching this, so he whispered in Dominic’s ear as she waited by his side with an icy expression.

“There is no need. That woman is Clanaria’s symbol at the moment. If she gives in to His Majesty, the Clanarian people will give in to us.”

“Is that how it works?”

That woman blindly trusted Lorent, so she would always find some reason to approve of his actions. Carnap realized that nothing he said could convince her otherwise, so he shrugged.

The elegant black bra was sliced down the center.

The two splendid mounds looked like milk had been poured in a mold and allowed to harden. They jiggled out into the dark night.

The nipples decorating the tips were a surprisingly pale pink. The areolae were a decent size and seemed to fade into the surrounding skin and the soft skin was tight and white enough to just barely see the veins.

Even as her nicely grown breasts were fully exposed, Virginia only glared at Lorent as if trying to burn him to death with her gaze.

That was her only means of resistance at the moment.

The flat of Lorent's sword tapped against Virginia's inner thigh.

"If you cry and beg for mercy, I will spare you this humiliation."

"I will never beg to you!"

Virginia's enraged shout was answered by the sword.

"Heh heh heh. It seems both sisters are masochists. Or perhaps you are more of an exhibitionist."

The strings on either side of the panties were cut.

"Ohhhh!!!"

The cheers grew even louder. It sounded like a mountain moving.

While standing tall, Lorent skillfully used the tip of the large sword to pull away the remnants of the panties.

"Kh..."

Virginia blushed, gasped, and closed her knees. Even so, her golden bush was clearly visible in the night.

Lorent narrowed his eyes as the princess trembled in embarrassment.

Virginia's body was plump, but none of it sagged in the slightest. Her entire

body was a powerful argument for this being the ideal form of a woman.

It was enough to imagine someone might offer a life-size golden statue of her just for the privilege to serve her.

“You have a fantastic body. Now I feel like having some fun with it.”

“You brute!”

“I get that a lot.”

With that, Lorent gestured with his chin to command the faithful aide behind him.

“Dominic, show her some love.”

“Understood.”

The talented woman stepped forward and leaned over Virginia with disinterest in her emerald eyes.

“W-wait... You’re not going to do it?”

After coming this far, Virginia had been prepared to be raped, yet he sent in a subordinate. Even more surprisingly, it was a woman. Virginia’s eyes widened and the look on her face changed.

Lorent responded by stabbing his great sword into the ground, resting his hands on the hilt, and sneering.

“Why should the victor have to work to pleasure the loser? You should be thankful I’m even having Dominic act in my stead.”

“Kh. You say that, but I bet you’re afraid you can’t satisfy me in front of all your men. Do you maybe have phimosis?”

Lorent shrugged at her provocation.

“Say what you like. Dominic, be thorough.”

“As you command...”

A bewitching light entered those green jewel-like eyes. The sight surprised Virginia.

“Wh-what is with you? What’s so fun about assaulting a woman just because

some man tells you to?”

“I am a part of His Majesty. Like an arm or a leg. I move as he wishes me to move.”

Dominic got down on all fours atop Virginia, massaged and rubbed breasts just as large as her own, and sucked at the nipples while releasing hot breaths.

“Nh, nhhh, slurp, smack...”

Dominic had publicly announced her disinterest in the same sex, but when it was for her beloved king, she took turns sucking the nipples of a woman so beautiful any man would want to take her place. She also rolled the nipples around with her tongue.

“Kh, I guess a woman who serves that pervert *would* be a pervert too. Hgh, now I can imagine what kind of hardship Ansandra must have suffered through, nn...”

Virginia spewed invectives, but her cheeks were red.

“Pant...pant...hkh...”

She desperately tried to keep her cool during the thorough nipple attack, but she could not hide how her breathing grew heavy, her skin grew flushed, and her nipples were hard and erect.

Without warning, Dominic reached for the princess’s secret territory.

“Kh.”

She had pressed her knees tightly together at the start, but she had apparently grown careless since.

Dominic rubbed through the golden hair.

“You are already wet. If a caress in this situation gets you wet, then His Majesty must be right about Clanarian women being nymphomaniacs. Hee hee. Or is it just the royal sisters?”

Virginia turned her head to ignore Dominic’s rude mockery.

It was only natural for nipples to harden and crotches to grow wet when they were teased. She saw no reason to respond to this hackneyed provocation.



“My, my. Keep that composed expression while you can. After what you said to His Majesty, you must be appropriately punished.”

“Do lowly savages not know when to shut up?”

Virginia finally reacted, so Dominic gave a satisfied shrug.

“Heh. Your kingdom has fallen and you have been captured, but it seems your pride alone is still that of a royal. But you appear to be a little too loose for a princess.”

“Kh...”

Virginia’s body trembled as Dominic’s fingers worked their way into her womanhood.

“You are not a virgin.”

The woman’s pointer and middle finger opened and closed within that sensitive flesh.

“Was the first princess taking cocks from all the single men around her? The adoring Clanarian people would be so disappointed.”

Even that free-spirited princess must have felt some shame there because she fell silent.

“Hee hee. People say you are obsessed with magic, but perhaps it is lust you are truly obsessed with.”

While thoroughly tormenting her verbally, Dominic used her right hand to massage Virginia’s labia, her left hand to fondle her right breast, and her lips to suck her left nipple.

“Ahhhh, ahh, ahh...”

“!?”

Dominic smiled coldly at how Virginia began moaning, but then she gasped. Someone had lifted up the skirt covering Dominic’s raised butt.

“Y-Your Majesty...”

Lorent was the culprit.

Dominic always dressed impeccably, so inside her skirt, she wore purple stockings that rose halfway up her thighs, garter belts, and panties with beautiful openwork.

Lorent pulled those seductive panties halfway down her thighs and rubbed her labia with his right hand.

“Ahn♪Nhh...hnn...♪”

Dominic was being fingered in public, but she did not care. In fact, she got even more worked up in her assault of Virginia.

Her plump butt wiggled side to side and a clear liquid glistened on her inner thighs.

The sight excited the crowd watching them.

“Ohhhh! We get to see Lady Dominic having sex too? I’m so glad I survived.”

Dominic had entirely submitted to Lorent, but few women in Domos were as skilled. She had a lot of secret fans like Burns.

And Dominic did not care what anyone but Lorent thought of her. She was simply happy that Lorent was enjoying this.

“Ah, n-not...there...!?”

Virginia suddenly cried out with a tone of urgency.

The princess writhed in pleasure with her face entirely red and her hands bound above her head.

Dominic’s fingers were searching through the shallow portion of her honeypot. In other words, the G-spot.

“Ah. noooooo...!”

Virginia let out a cry of despair and arched her back.

She had climaxed. Dominic concluded that would defeat her, so she pulled her fingers out of the honeypot.

Urine erupted from the proud magic princess’s crotch.

“Wow, she’s squirting.”

“No, she’s pissing.”

Excitement ran through the surrounding soldiers as they watched the princess of a great kingdom squirt like a whale’s blow and then wet herself.

“Sob...”

Even for a princess, wetting herself in public was a powerful psychological shock. Her cheeks were beet red and there were tears in her eyes.

When he saw that, Lorent stopped fingering Dominic.

“That should be good enough, Dominic. Move.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Dominic looked a little reluctant, but she obediently stood up, fixed her clothing, and moved out of the way.

Lorent looked down to see Virginia with her limp legs spread.

Her purple cape, knee socks, sleeves, and royal blue shoulder guards were still in place. The beautiful woman also wore gorgeous golden accessories on top of that, but her tits and pussy were exposed.

“Now, time to open up.”

With a smile that showed he knew how cruel he was being, Lorent spread the proud princess’s legs wide and exposed the area between her inner thighs.

The roundly plump mound had a sexy bush of golden hair, deep pink petals somewhat stuck out from the slit below, and it glistened with a feminine dew.

He placed his thumbs on either side of the flesh mound and spread it.

Wet pink flesh was contained inside.

Love juices and urine had gathered below and the folds around the vaginal entrance were as complex as flower petals.

Perhaps because she had just urinated, the small urethra stood out in the center of the soft flesh.

Her large flesh pearl poked its brightly glistening face out from below the hood that stuck out at the top.

“So even the rumored magic princess has a normal woman’s body. Your pussy is just as lewd as I expected from your face.”

“Kh...”

While pinning down the resentfully grimacing princess, Lorent calmly pulled his darkly glistening cock out from his armor.

The large and curved object was as hard as rock.

“Wow. His Majesty’s really is different...”

Some impressed comments came from the surrounding spectators.

When she looked up at her brother-in-law’s cock, some fear entered Virginia’s azure eyes, but she intentionally gave a mocking smile.

“Th-that’s nothing worth showing off. Do you really think you can satisfy me with that pathetic thing?”

“We’ll just have to see, won’t we?”

Full of confidence, Lorent lifted up the proud princess’s ankles to spread her legs in a splendid V-shape.

Then he placed his glistening flesh sword against the princess’s wet pussy lips.

“Time for a taste of victory over the great central plain kingdom of Clanaria.”

With that, he pushed his cock forward.

“Ahhh...!?”

The solid object parted her soft flesh and reached the deepest point.

By penetrating her with her lower body lifted, their union was fully visible to her and she could tell just how much she was being violated.

“You have a mouth on you, but your pussy isn’t bad. It’s really sticky and seems to suck at me. It does remind me of Ansandra’s, but yours is softer. It is a superb pussy, fitting for the symbol of Clanaria.”

“Hmph, of course it is.”

Virginia snorted and looked the other way. All of her body language demonstrated her intent to not feel any pleasure from this man.

Lorent smiled bitterly at her behavior, placed his body weight on his hips, and gently moved their pubes together while moving his face in close.

“Hmph. How am I supposed to enjoy a pathetic dick that has nothing but size going for it?”

“Heh. I like your attitude. Gives me all the more desire to hear you moaning.”

She had stimulated his desire to conquer her as a man, so he slowly but powerfully moved his thick cock up and down to stir up her cervix.

“Kh, ah...khh...hh...ah...”

Virginia swung her body side to side a few times as if trying to knock the man off of her, but it was no use against that brave and indomitable man and he did not even budge.

She was desperately trying not to feel any pleasure, but Virginia was a princess, not a saint. She had always had trouble containing her sexual desire.

Plus, she had already cum once from Dominic’s fingering. As he slowly pumped in and out of her, the sensitive flesh inside gradually melted.

“Ah, ahh, ahn...I-I can’t stand this! How am I powerless to resist as this lowly man violates me...!? Ahh...”

As the love juices flowing from her vagina soaked her butt as well, Virginia was so frustrated that tears wet her eyes.

But her mind and body were two different things. She could not stop the moans as the man pinned her down and slowly pumped in and out.

“Ah...ahn...ahh, hahhhhn...♪”

She must have finally given up on resisting because she closed her eyes and moaned from her half-opened lips while she swung her hips to match the movements of his.

Lorent chuckled when he noticed.

“Heh heh... Looks like you’re enjoying yourself now. ...Come to think of it, I heard you were close to that red guy...Madelene, was it? I was the one who killed him.”

“!? I’ll kill you!”

Virginia’s eyes opened wide and grew bloodshot as she roared at him.

“Heh heh heh. Such a wonderful expression. How does it feel to be raped by your lover’s killer?”

“You rotten monster!”

“An excellent answer. That is why you are worth conquering.”

Virginia glared up at him as if trying to kill him with her gaze and Lorent looked back down with a satisfied smile. He also sped up his hips to pound on her cervix.

“Hh...ah! Ahh! No! Ahh!”

Virginia was confused by the pleasure her body felt as she was violated and pounded by the man who had killed her lover.

“S-stop! That’s too rough! No! I’m...I’m cumming! I’m cumming! No!”

Virginia arched her back from the pleasure that felt like sparks bursting in her body.

If her wrists were not bound and she was free to move, she would have likely clung to him and moaned at the top of her lungs.

To weaken the man’s wild hips as much as possible, she wrapped her legs around Lorent’s butt.

Although the way her high-heeled feet clawed at the air made it look like she was desperately asking for more.

“Kh, you’re squeezing me so tight. This is why I can never get enough of horny women.”

The woman’s hips writhed wildly and the man’s pounded down at her. Liquid sprayed out from their union.



“I’m cumming. I’ll make sure to fill up your womb, okay?”

“Noooooooo!!!”

Virginia screamed from the terrible feeling of being violated by her lover’s killer, feeling pleasure from it, and having him cum inside her.

But Lorent mercilessly ejaculated.

The hot male liquid was pumped inside the poor captured princess’s vagina.

“Ah, ahh, ahhh...”

Being cummed inside must have forced her healthy female body to climax. Virginia’s beautiful body convulsed.

“Phew.”

With a satisfied sigh, Lorent rubbed Virginia’s dazed cheek and gave her plump lips a light kiss while his penis shrank after ejaculating to his heart’s content.

“Not bad at all. I think I’ll keep you alongside Ansandra.”

The proud male’s line brought the light of reason back to Virginia’s eyes. When she saw Lorent’s face right in front of her, she sneered at him.

“Done already? That wasn’t much for a supposed conqueror.”

Lorent answered her sneer with a smile of utter delight.

“You can still talk back to me after cumming that hard? Fine, I’ll grant your wish and go for another round.”

Without pulling out of her, he rotated her body halfway around so she was on all fours.

“Kyah!”

She uttered a small cry and felt some fear as she sensed the male symbol regaining its size inside her.

“No way. You can keep going? How much of a beast are you?”

“I will turn you into a beast too, so don’t worry. Now, cry out like a lowly bitch!”

He passed his hands below her arms and grabbed her not just large but



gigantic breasts. They were sweaty and so soft they seemed to absorb his hands. Her skin felt like polished marble. He enjoyed that sensation while rolling her nipples around with his fingertips.

Lorent wildly swung his hips in that bestial position.

A loud slapping sound rang out as his hips struck her sensual butt.

Semen and love juices mixed together inside her honeypot. The violently wild movements of his hips seemed to perfectly demonstrate the concept of rape.

“Hee, heeaaah...nooooo!”

Virginia really did seem to have become a bitch as her ample breasts were fondled and she was violated from behind.

“I won’t let this man make me cum over and over! No, wait, I’m cumming...! I’m cumming! I’m cumming again!? No, how can I let him make me cum again!?”

She desperately tried to fight it, but she had already cum once.

Her resistance was fragile.

He thrust heavily and roughly as if trying to smash her pelvis, so she forgot her pride as a princess and was reduced to a mere animal.

“Ahhhhh, hhh...I’m cumminnnng...!!!”

Once she came, there was no stopping it. The dam had burst and her body convulsed. And the vagina containing his manhood naturally squeezed as well.

“Heh heh heh. She just keeps cumming. Exactly what I would expect from a horny princess.”

“No, no, no...no more, ahhhhh!”

Her beautiful face was ruined by her eyes widening and rolling back in her head while her mouth opened wide with her tongue sticking out.

Sweat, tears, snot, and drool. Every possible liquid flowed out.

“Wow, that kind of expression on a princess? That’s a bit too much for me...”

The spectators started making comments like that.

“Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh...”

Each thrust seemed to reverberate in the core of Virginia’s mind, so she could no longer even form the word “stop” while she endlessly writhed and moaned.

Realizing she was at her limit, Lorent used even sharper hip movements to assault her body, increase his own pleasure, and finally erupt inside of her.

“Now for the finishing blow. Cum as hard as you can!”

You would never think this was his second time as he ejaculated inside her like a series of arrow shots.

“Ahh, no, ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

Virginia had already been cumming over and over, but this must have brought that to an even higher level.

Her eyes opened wide, she howled like a wolf and arched her back, and she trembled for a while. Finally, a sexy moan escaped her lips, she went limp, and she stopped moving.

“Heh heh heh. It’s still far too soon to collapse.”

While they were still connected, Lorent turned Virginia around again. He grabbed her large butt with both hands and stood up.

“Heeeee!!!”

Virginia was out of strength, but Lorent would not allow that.

He placed her bound hands around his neck and began fucking her while they stood up facing each other.

“Ahhh, stop this! What more are you going to do to me!? Why would you keep assaulting me!?”

“I want to conquer you. In both body and mind.”

Lorent suddenly stuck his right middle finger in her anus.

“Hgahh.”

He sneered when he saw her wide-eyed reaction.

“What, this is your first time here? Ansandra has you beat there. She moans

in pleasure when I fuck her in the ass.”

“N-not...there.”

“Heh heh heh. You’re just embarrassed that your sister got ahead of you, aren’t you? I can help fix that.”

He stuck both his middle fingers inside at once and spread it to either side.

“Aghhhhh...!!”

With her anus spread open, Virginia’s eyes widened, her mouth opened, and drool sprayed out.

“Heh. I like that look. Makes you well worth teasing.”

Lorent fucked the woman in his arms while teasing her anus with his fingers.

This technique was only possible with his nearly inhuman physical strength.

“No, again, I’m cumming again, ahhhhh...”

The fall of her home kingdom had been enough of a psychological burden, so being fucked thrice in a row was too great a burden on both her mind and body.

She tearfully pleaded him.

“Please...please no more! I...I can’t possibly keep...ahh... My butt...not my butt!!”

The proud witch princess had finally fallen to him. Just as Lorent felt the satisfaction of conquest, he heard an unexpected voice.

“Virginia!?”

He glanced over and saw Ansandra with a look of utter shock on her face

She had likely hurried here after receiving word of her sister’s capture.

And she had found her sister being raped by her husband in public. Of course it was a shock.

“Hi, Ansandra. Your sister is well worth devouring. I like her.”

Even with Ansandra watching, he continued moving his hips just the same. No, he actually moved them even more.

“Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh.”

“C’mon, cum again. Cum nice and hard while your sister watches.”



Lorent ejaculated a third time while thrusting up into Virginia.

“Ahhh...it’s shooting inside me again...”

Virginia’s psyche had been fully worn down after being cummed inside three times back-to-back.

Her reaction was much more subdued now.

“I guess that’s enough for now.”

Satisfied, Lorent pulled his shrinking penis from her vagina and let the dazed princess lie on the path.

Her legs were spread wide, so her feminine flower petals were exposed, showing just how raw and widely spread they were. An unbelievable amount of semen flowed out.

“Virginia, are you okay!? Pull yourself together!”

“An...san...dra... Good...you’re all right...”

When her sister ran over and tearfully held her in her arms, Virginia smiled a bit and then passed out.

The other Domos troops had done their job well while Lorent had his fun.

Clanaria’s Prime Minister Stuart knew little of military strategy, so he did not interfere in the final showdown.

After the Domos army had been driven away, he had silently focused on an economic reconstruction project in his office.

Despite the screaming and shouting he could hear, he never even guessed the castle would fall. He focused on his work until his door was violently kicked down and an intruder stormed in.

Even then, he was unfazed and resolutely glared at the man.

“You are Clanarian Prime Minister Stuart, I presume. Clanaria is doomed. I am afraid I must ask that you surrender. Do so and I will do everything in my power

to ensure you live out the rest of your years.”

It was Kubdai who entered the office. Stuart’s skill and talent as a politician was hard to come by, so Kubdai had rushed here on a special mission to protect the man and ensure he was not killed in the battle.

“Hmph. I see you barbarians are trying to sound cultured now. Allow me to show you the courtesy of a truly cultured kingdom. I have no intention of being captured by the immoral people who used Princess Ansandra’s marriage as an excuse to attack and lay claim to the throne.”

Stuart drew the sword sitting next to him. The talented prime minister rushed in with blade held high.

“Taste my blade of justice!”

Stuart was a civil official, but he had apparently learned his fair share of martial arts in his younger days.

The old man’s swordsmanship was unexpectedly sharp. Surprised, Kubdai just barely managed to deflect the sword before splitting open the old man’s forehead with his own sword.

“...Nh.”

The dead man said nothing and the living man groaned in regret.

He cursed his body for reacting on reflex, but there was nothing as fearsome as a suicidal attack. If Kubdai had held back, he may have been injured, so he had had no other option.

Stuart, Clanaria’s final prime minister, met his end as a faithful servant of his kingdom.

When King Baldwin received word about his longtime friend Stuart, he ordered an attendant to guard the entrance for a while. Then he entered his own room where he and his queen committed suicide by poison.

There was one group of the Clanarian army that fought fiercely to the end. They numbered about 200 and were driven into the southwestern tower.

That became the Clanarian army's final fortress.

Naja received word that the enemy was putting up a powerful resistance, so she immediately led her flying dragon unit there as reinforcements.

On the top level of the tower, she spotted a female knight commanding the intense fighting with her white uniform stained scarlet.

"You're Lucy who I fought back at Corlal Field, aren't you? Surrender now. Otherwise, do battle with me. My spear tip will send you to heaven."

During this age of war, it did not matter how much you liked someone. A fight to the death was inevitable if you were on opposite sides.

That was why warriors would show what mercy they could by killing that person themselves and promising to drink together once they too went to heaven.

Lucy also remembered that daring flying dragon knight.

"You're the one from back then. Fine then. Let's do this."

With her spear, White Heaven, in one hand, Lucy leaped from the peak of the tower and toward Naja's flying dragon.

"Wait, wait, waaaaaaait!!!"

Caught completely off guard, Naja cried out, but that obviously was not going to stop the airborne woman.

Lucy planted her feet on the dragon's back and a great shock ran through its entire body. Naja lost all control of the beast and it dropped like a leaf.

"Hyaaahhh!?"

The incredible sense of falling made Naja scream.

But Lacquer Scale was one of the greatest dragons even in Domos. It had lost its balance at first, but it managed to land safely on the ground.

"Pant, pant... You're insane. If you want to die, do it on your own. Don't take me with you."

Naja's had a cold sweat covering her body, her shoulders were rising and falling, and she felt a warm but also cold sensation at her crotch. She looked

down to find she had wet herself.

“Mistress Naja, are you okay?”

“Let’s kill that villain.”

Naja’s faithful kittens attempted to gather around her in worry, but she could not have them notice she had wet herself.

“I’m fine. Stay back.”

She snapped back at them to keep them away.

Also, Lucy stood atop the flying dragon’s neck with her spear tip positioned at the bottom of Naja’s throat.

“!?”

Naja froze. As did the Domos soldiers surrounding them.

Reddish-brown eyes clashed with sandy-colored eyes. Finally, Lucy opened her mouth.

“That was my win.”

“Sure...”

Naja felt faint. This woman was so cool. She wanted to call her “mistress”. She wanted to share the womanly pleasures with this dashing and brusque woman.

“Then become my prisoner. I won’t treat you badly.”

Naja spoke calmly to hide her desire. Unable to detect the wicked heart of the flying dragon knight, Lucy accepted her trustworthiness as a warrior and threw aside her spear.

“I, Clanarian Knight Commander Lucy, surrender. Take good care of me.”

Lucy had surrendered. With that, the kingdom of Clanaria really had collapsed.

**In the original version, Lorent did not show up during Carnap’s battle**



**against Virginia, so the sex scene played out differently after Carnap defeats her:**

“Sorry, but I’m going to have to bind you.”

Carnap tied Virginia’s hands behind her head and formed a gag by placing a rope tightly across her lips that were tightened in regret. That prevented her from biting her tongue to commit suicide, but it also prevented her magic. In a battle against a magic-user, you could not let your guard down as long as they could speak. The movements of the body and hands were important for activating magic, but the voice was even more important. A magic-user who could not speak was like a swordswoman without their sword.

With his work complete, Carnap looked down at Virginia lying on her black cape like a mat and he gulped.

Looking at her closely, she was a truly wonderful woman. At 19, she was three years older than Ansandra and that extra age gave her skin more of a shine. Since they were sisters, she did look a lot like Ansandra, but her body was considerably more mature. From Carnap’s perspective, Ansandra was still just a child.

Her smooth cheeks were brightly flushed, the bridge of her nose stood high, and the lips being dug into by the rope were plump and glistening from the red lipstick.

Her almond-shaped eyes contained the colors of rage and the dark blue eyeshadow around them drew the eye. Her sweat-soaked golden hair was plastered to her forehead and the golden earrings with red magical jewels looked perfect on her.

The beautiful woman was lying defenseless on the ground and she wore a black skintight outfit that he could only imagine she wore to seduce men. With her arms bound over her head, her exposed armpits looked oddly sexy.

The cleavage of her ample mounds was exposed at her chest and her perfectly plump and milky-white thighs were exposed below her ultra-miniskirt.

Even when he leered at her, Virginia showed no sign of embarrassment. That was because she had absolute confidence in her body. And she had a body

worthy of that confidence.

While the situation inspired intense lust inside him, Carnap weighed the risks in his mind. It would be easy to just fuck her here. Even if his king had indicated an interest in her, he was tempted to have a taste before presenting her to his king. But she was Queen Ansandra's sister. He risked earning the queen's displeasure if she found out. He was not afraid of a queen who had no real authority, but there always a risk that her pleas would reach the king's ears. Whereas if he took Virginia prisoner and presented her unharmed, his king and queen would view him favorably and he would likely be rewarded for it. He hated overlooking this opportunity, but it would be safest to leave Virginia untouched.

"...N-noooo...!"

When he heard a woman scream, Carnap came back to his senses and looked up.

His men were already having a taste of the witches they had captured.

The lower levels always followed the example of their leader. The soldiers of a lusty king would be lusty themselves.

"Heh heh heh. You all have never had enough, have you?"

Carnap laughed bitterly and looked back down.

Virginia's body was plump, but none of it sagged in the slightest. With that wonderful body in his grasp, Carnap built up his resolve.

The general who served a lusty king and commanded the lusty soldiers would be lusty himself.

"His Majesty is already surrounded by beautiful women. Why give the most delicious meal to him?"

Carnap drew a hidden blade, pressed it against the cleavage of Virginia's ample breasts...and lowered it.

As he sliced through her skintight suit, it split to either side and revealed the gorgeous black underwear below.

The black bra and panties dug tightly into her white skin, they had rose

pattern openwork, and they created a provocative yet elegant atmosphere.

A lot of work had gone into that luxury underwear, so it really was fit for a princess. They were a luxury product that your average witch could never afford.

He sliced the center of the bra with the small sword.

The two splendid mounds looked like milk had been poured in a mold and allowed to harden. They jiggled out into the dark night.

The nipples decorating the tips were a surprisingly pale pink. The areolae were a decent size and seemed to fade into the surrounding skin and the soft skin was tight and white enough to just barely see the veins.

He grabbed her not just large but gigantic breasts. They were sweaty and so soft they seemed to absorb his hands. Her skin felt like polished marble. He enjoyed that sensation while rolling her nipples around with his fingertips.

When Virginia realized she was about to be raped, she glared at Carnap as if trying to burn him to death with her gaze, but that was her only means of resistance at the moment.

“Princess, I am one of His Majesty’s generals now, but not long ago, I was a wandering mercenary who had trouble finding food to eat. I can normally forget my poor background, but I still have something of an inferiority complex. What the poor hope to do with a noblewoman is to conquer her. You could say my fetish is fucking noblewomen like you. I have always hunted down such women on the battlefield, but none have ever been as noble as you.”

Carnap groped breasts twice the size of Ansandra’s and pressed his face against them while breathing heated breaths.

Pale skin and the faint scent of sweat were right in front of him. He took a nipple in his mouth, sucked on it with all his might, and rolled it around with his tongue.

The nipple quickly grew pleasantly erect. He sucked hard, buried his face in the breasts’ softness, pulled on the nipples with his lips, and enjoyed the sweet smell.

“Kh...”

Virginia clenched her teeth to hold back the moans.

With his face still buried in her breasts, Carnap massaged the large butt through her panties and rubbed her smooth inner thighs.

“That’s the look I wanted to see. I love climbing on top of a noblewoman, demanding she show me the most indecent parts of her body, and caressing her so long it starts to hurt. As her physical pleasure builds, she abandons her pride and begins crying for help. That is when you can provide them with unparalleled pleasure.”

Carnap smiled as he declared he would use techniques trained on prostitutes to make her body know she belonged to him. Her hard and saliva-covered nipples were not enough for him, so he pressed his mouth and nose against her armpit.

A sweet and powerful scent shook the former mercenary’s heart.



When he licked her there, the taste of sweat and the slight roughness from shaving told him even this princess was a flesh-and-blood woman.

After tasting both of her armpits, his tongue crawled down her side, returned to the center, and stuck inside her round and shapely navel.

It must have tickled because Virginia wrinkled her brow to bear with it.

Carnap lifted the beautiful princess's beautiful leg, removed the black high heel, kissed her calf in a showy fashion, and then placed the toes in his mouth.

"...Nn..."

This surprised even Virginia and she tried to pull back her leg.

He held her ankle firm and tasted the sweat and oils between her toes.

If he was going to do this, he was going to go all the way. Touching her at all could later lead to a punishment from Lorent like a fish on the chopping block, so he would be missing out if he did not taste every part of Virginia's body.

Her legs were wonderfully long. Her thighs were thick, her ankles narrow, her calves plump, her skin as smooth as polished marble, and each of her toes thoroughly beautiful. They seemed to be the ideal form of a woman's legs.

It was enough to imagine someone might offer a life-size golden statue of her just for the privilege of being stepped on by her.

After licking her feet and legs to his satisfaction, Carnap reached for the cloth protecting her secret territory.

Virginia desperately tried to keep her cool, but she could not hide how her breathing grew heavy, her skin grew flushed, and her black panties gained a wet stain.

She tried to close her legs to resist, but it was no use. Instead of removing the panties, Carnap cut the hip strings and removed them that way.

Virginia was nude except for her cape and jewelry.

The roundly plump mound had a sexy bush of golden hair, deep pink petals

somewhat stuck out from the slit below, and it glistened with a feminine dew.

“You are already wet. If a caress in this situation gets you wet, then His Majesty must be right about Clanarian women being nymphomaniacs. Or is it just the royal sisters?”

Virginia ignored Carnap’s mockery. It was only natural for nipples to harden and crotches to grow wet when they were teased. She saw no reason to respond to this hackneyed provocation.

He placed his thumbs on either side of the flesh mound and spread it.

Wet pink flesh was contained inside. Love juices had gathered below and the folds around the vaginal entrance were as complex as flower petals.

The small urethra was visible in the center of the soft flesh and her large flesh pearl poked its brightly glistening face out from below the hood that stuck out at the top.

“So even a princess witch has a normal woman’s body.”

Virginia did not tremble from embarrassment. Her azure eyes simply wavered a bit at his mocking laughter.

Next, he shoved a finger inside her feminine honeypot.

“You’re not a virgin.”

Carnap had not expected a princess wearing nearly exhibitionist clothing to be a virgin. Especially when he had a biased view that all witches were sluts.

Many Domos soldiers were watching from their surroundings. Even with the deepest flesh of her womanhood exposed to the lustful eyes of those men in something like visual gang rape, Virginia looked the other way like it was nothing.

Carnap suddenly pinched her clitoris. She grimaced in pain at the unexpected touch of her weak point.

“Ah...hh...”

If she had been able to speak, she would have called him out for being shit at sex, but his intentions went further than she had expected. He actually pulled

on her weak point.

Her eyes widened in pain and her hips rose into the air with her aloof attitude entirely gone.

“...Nn, nn...”

(It's going to tear, it's going to tear off, stop this, please stop this.)

Virginia tearfully pleaded him, but the gag meant she could only groan. Sweat poured from her body and her body cried out at this threat. When urine erupted out, Carnap finally let go.

Virginia's face was pale and fearful. She now understood that she would be more than just raped.

He licked the pee off of his fingers.

“Hm, so a royal's piss tastes the same as a back-alley whore's.”

Carnap mocked those fearful eyes, brought an end to the caress, pulled out his darkly glistening penis, and put it inside Virginia.

Before sticking it in her, he really would have preferred making her cum two or three times and teasing her on and on until she pleaded him to fulfill her indecent desire, but he could not take that much time on the battlefield. Take too long enjoying the caress and some other guy would come along and take the best part. He doubted there were any soldiers brave enough to interrupt their general's fun, but old habits die hard.

“Mh.”

Carnap groaned once. Her wet and tight vagina was slippery and very sticky. The quality of her pussy was not immediately clear, but he would know before long.

First he placed his body weight on his hips and gently moved their pubes together.

This surprised Virginia. She expected him to rape her with some more direct movements.

She instinctually realized she was in trouble with that thick cock penetrating



her and the man's weight pinning her down.

Most women were weak to that gentle and constantly rhythmical movement. It allowed them to feel the satisfaction of accepting a man into their vagina and it thoroughly stimulated their sensitive clitoris. Their body submitted to it as something extremely pleasant and pleasurable.

And a sexually-experienced woman was no exception. In fact, a sexually-experienced woman was even weaker to this thorough attack.

Virginia was a princess, not a saint. She had always had trouble containing her sexual desire. Her lust could be so intense that she would mount her former lover Madelene, move her hips to her heart's content, milk him of every last drop of cum, and cry in pleasure all the while.

But now she had the man on top of her, control had been completely taken from her, and she was made into a woman who could only writhe as she was violated. It was a new and humiliating experience. But she had no way of stopping Carnap's truly soft and repeating movements.

Virginia swung her body side to side a few times as if trying to knock the man off of her, but it was no use against that brave and indomitable man and he did not even budge. Meanwhile, each soft movement melted the sensitive flesh of her sex organ.

(I-I can't stand this! How am I powerless to resist as this lowly man violates me...!?)

It was so infuriating that tears welled up in her eyes, but she could not stop her body from melting.

The soft and gentle pistoning would sometimes push against her depths and long moans would escape her mouth.

The pattern of gentle pistoning, deep thrusts, and pressure against her lower stomach continued on and on. She felt like she was being thoroughly teased. Plenty of love juices flowed from her vagina and dripped down onto her butt.

Sparks began bursting within her body and she tensed her body to bear with it. Her eyes widened to glare at the man. If looks could kill, she would have been successful here, but unfortunately, that only stroked his arrogance.

Her hips began moving on their own. At some point, she had started swinging up her butt to match his movements. Her conscious desires did not matter.

“Ahh...”

She cried out in her heart.

She was confused when she found her body was experiencing pleasure. She was being raped, but she had thought that just meant waiting for him to finish. And yet she was driven half-insane by the desire for him to thrust even harder.

If her wrists were not bound and she was free to move, she would have likely clung to him and moaned at the top of her lungs.

She tilted her head back with a look of agony, thrust up her pubis, wrapped her legs around Carnap's butt, and let her hips dance madly.

Carnap kissed her throat, stuck out his tongue, and left a slug-like trail behind her ears, on the pit of her collarbones, on her chest, in her armpits, on her breasts, and on her nipples.

He massaged her swollen and jiggling tits while pushing them up with his hands and he purposefully licked all over the areolae around her nipples. Then he sucked on and bit the painfully erect tips.

The length of Carnap's thrusts gradually grew and he added in movements to the top, bottom, left, and right.

He was gradually using more force. He repeatedly thrust deep inside Virginia's vagina. He did not move quickly, but each time his thick stake thrust inside, a tingling ran through the core of her mind.

She was driven closer to climax whether she liked it or not.

(Ahhh, stop this! What more are you going to do to me!? Why would you keep assaulting me!?)

She bent her ample body back and wanted to scream, but she could not and drool sprayed from the corners of her rope-gagged mouth.

“Heh. So even the unyielding princess has given in. And I've barely gotten started. I'm still moving so slow. When I could be attacking you like this.”

While Virginia writhed in anguish, he reached below her arms, pulled back until his penis just about left her vagina, and thrust all the way in to the deepest depths.

“Nnnn!!”

She wanted to open her mouth wide and cry out, but she could not and her nostrils flared. The tears and saliva wetting her face ruined her good looks.

When he pulled his penis back again, love juices gushed out. And just before pulling it out, he once more attacked her deepest point.

“Nnn...nnn...”

He had begun a series of large thrusts very unlike the previous gentle ones.

He thrust heavily and roughly as if trying to smash her pelvis, so she forgot her pride as a princess and was reduced to a mere animal.

“Ahhhhh, hhh...”

(I’m cumminnnnnng!)

Once she came, there was no stopping it. Because she had tried resisting, her reaction was all the greater now that she let out her bestial side.

“Heh heh heh. What a horny princess. She just keeps cumming.”

Realizing Virginia had fallen, Carnap released his own wild side. He ignored all technique and simply used the violent movements of rape.

Each thrust seemed to reverberate in the core of Virginia’s mind, so she could no longer even form the word “stop” while she was endlessly violated. Her vaginal walls and clitoris felt like they were on fire.

Realizing she was at her limit, Carnap used even sharper hip movements to assault her body, increase his own pleasure, and finally erupt inside of her.

He ejaculated inside her like a series of arrow shots.

That seemed to act as the final blow for Virginia. After a sexy moan escaped her lips, she went limp, and she stopped moving.

After cumming, Carnap slowed his movements bit by bit, taking his time to stop.

He finally removed his penis from her vagina. Her legs were spread wide, so her feminine flower petals were fully spread and an unbelievable amount of semen flowed out.

Having completed the act, Carnap stood up and fixed his clothing as if nothing had happened. He combed his black hair and received a report on the state of the battle.

The soldiers who had watched the rape were frightened by what they saw. They had known Carnap was an incomparably brave general, but they had not known he was also so good in bed.

“...Sir.”

“Yes, what is it? You won’t have chance like this again. How about you have a taste of a Clanarian princess’s body as a story to tell later.”

Carnap gestured his chin toward the dazed mad princess whose hands were bound behind her head, whose chest was glistening with saliva, and whose pussy was soaked and sticky with love juices, semen, and urine.

The scene of her writhing, growing wet, and cumming was burned into the soldiers’ eyes.

Her plump body stimulated their desire. But even if they were free to fuck the bound woman, she was a kingdom’s princess and the woman Carnap had just done it with. They were all hesitant. Until...

“Then I’ll go first.”

The first to step forward was the youngest soldier under Carnap’s command. He had a sharp and ambitious bravery and Carnap was fond of the youth’s bold behavior.

When he pulled out his penis, it was angled high as one would expect of his youth.

Virginia had relaxed after finally being released, but now that object pressed against her crotch. She was bound and too exhausted to move. The milky-whiteness of Carnap’s cum was flowing out, but the youth did not care and pierced the female honeypot like he was using a spear.

“Damn, a princess really is different. I’ve never felt such a great pussy. It’s like fucking an angel. Is this what people call heavenly pleasure?”

The youth thrust his hips about ten times before climaxing.

“Shit, I already came. One more time.”

“Boy, there’s a line.”

A virile middle-aged man with scars covering his face and many battles in his past grabbed the youth’s shoulders to caution him.

As one would expect of a veteran warrior, the man’s cock was dark and massive with a head that spread fearsomely wide. He pushed it inside a vagina already filled with two different kinds of cum. He had none of the impatience of the youth, so he moved his hips in a large circle to stir her up inside while he toyed with her large breasts.

Once more, Virginia melted into the cruel intoxication that had been forced upon her. Her moans were a maddening mixture of agony and pleasure.

“Then I’m next.”

“And I’m after that.”

Carnap’s soldiers formed a line.

The Domos soldiers had never desired the princess of an enemy kingdom, but the chance to have sex with a royal did not come along every day.

A raging erection would rampage through her vagina, spray its hot fluid, and then pull out. Then a new erection would part the folds for a rampage of its own before exploding and pulling out. Then the next one came.

None of them had quite the monstrous virility of Carnap, but they made up for their quality with quantity.

Again and again, a new man climbed on top of Virginia, fucked her, and released his seed. Not one of them tried to rob her of her jewelry. That was because they knew Carnap owned her and they were only given this chance because of his generosity, but it was also because that gorgeous jewelry was the proof she was a princess. If she was completely nude, she would be just like any other beautiful woman.

Carnap felt no pity as he watched Virginia being gang raped. This was a common sight when a castle fell. The only difference was that the woman was a princess. If he wanted to, he could see the same thing all across Curling Castle. In fact, the witches who had served Virginia had been bound just like their princess and were being raped much the same. If gang raping a commoner woman was acceptable, it made no sense not to accept the same for a royal woman.

That said, she was clearly the most popular of the women being raped. The rumor had spread, so lustful men from other units had started gathering around the princess.

Some of the men started pleasuring themselves as they watched Virginia, but not because they could not wait any longer. They had despaired upon seeing how many people were already in line. Before long, the indomitable and beautiful princess was soaked with cum. Her mind seemed to be breaking because a smile of ecstasy came to her lips. It was sad how her jewelry continued to shine so brightly.

Even Carnap began to realize just how twisted his own desire to thoroughly dominate a noblewoman was, but it was too late to do anything about that.

In a short time, Virginia experienced the physical burden of having more than 100 penises inserted inside her and just as many loads of semen pumped inside her womb.



The friction had caused some bleeding around her vaginal entrance. She had wet herself a few times since having sex with Carnap, but she finally soiled herself as well.



## Chapter 6: The Dragon Heads to the Central Plain

“Heh. Who would have thought the greatest kingdom of the central plain could fall so quickly?”

The urban battle had settled down and all organized resistance from Clanaria’s army had ceased.

Domos King Lorent boldly rode Black Flame Hair down Curling’s main road to demonstrate that fact.

Dominic rode alongside him on a chestnut-hair horse and they were followed by 12 messenger officers. Behind them was Ansandra’s carriage drawn by 6 horses and 300 knights under Lorent’s direct command.

That city was one of the most prosperous on the continent and it was known as the City of White Walls and Flowers, but it was covered in flames and smoke, the white walls were stained dark red, and its colorful flowers had been trampled.

The thick clouds in the sky looked ready to weep at any time, but the first drop never seemed to come.

That felt like a perfect representation of Ansandra’s mental state on this return to her home kingdom.

Worn-out both physically and mentally, Virginia was passed out in Ansandra’s lap, but the tragedy was so great Ansandra’s heart had numbed over. She found it sad, but it felt like a dream and she could not shed any tears.

The procession was on its way to the palace built of great white stones. The Domos army’s commanders were waiting there to celebrate the arrival of their great hero.

They provided a report when Lorent descended from his horse.

“King Baldwin and his wife both committed suicide.”

Given the disastrous state of Curling, Ansandra had not expected her parents

to have survived. She had prepared herself for this, but she still trembled.

“Prime Minister Stuart was killed in battle. He met a glorious end.”

“Minister of Foreign Affairs Dubuc was captured.”

“If he survived, then treat him with the respect his position deserves.”

Upon hearing Lorent’s generous reply, young General Shigsal gave a serious response.

“Then I shall make him my master.”

“Very good.”

While Lorent exchanging nods with the others and listened to their businesslike reports, Mercenary General Carnap spoke up.

“I have a request concerning captured Princess Virginia.”

“...What is it?”

“As a reward for my service here, might I receive that princess’s hand in marriage?”

Even Lorent responded in shock to this unexpected request.

“...Say what?”

“It was love at first sight.” The bold former mercenary shrugged. “I used to be so poor I wasn’t sure where I would find food each day, so I have always wanted a noblewoman like that. Of course, I am willing to wait until you grow bored of her.”

Having Ansandra as his queen was enough to symbolize their right to Clanaria, so handing her sister to a retainer fond of noblewomen was an option. And if it would motivate Carnap to work even harder, it would be a valuable use for her.

“I will consider it. But not at the moment. I don’t think Ansandra will be willing to let her go.”

Ansandra’s sister had already been publicly raped by the man responsible for her parents’ deaths and her kingdom’s destruction and then made to cum until she soiled herself, so if Lorent went on to say she would be gifted to a retainer, it might put Ansandra in a very bad mood indeed.

Lorent seemed like a self-centered man who gave no thought to the feelings of others, but he apparently made some concessions.

Once all the important reports had been given, Lorent approached the carriage and opened the door.

“!?”

Ansandra had zoned out inside, so she looked up in surprise as Lorent extended a hand.

“Let’s go.”

He was tall, well-proportioned, good-looking, and brimming with youthful courage.

The young conqueror’s sharp and bright *sanpaku* eyes pierced Ansandra.

In that instant, she knew she was being tested. Was she a mere doll, or was she a partner who could rule alongside him?

The queen looked him in those *sanpaku* eyes, nodded, gulped, and took his outstretched hand.

She wore an azure dress with a light blue cloak around it and she tried to hold her head high as the wife of a ruler while she set foot in her homeland.

“Ohhhh...”

The appearance of the traitorous woman sent an uncertain stir through their surroundings.

This was a political show to wordlessly demonstrate to all present that she had come here because she desired Clanaria’s land, not because she was simply being used by Lorent.

Satisfied with his wife’s actions, Lorent wrapped his arms around her soft waist and kissed her.

“Nn, nnn...”

Ansandra gained an intoxicated look and wrapped her arms around her husband’s back. The kiss was long and passionate enough for the onlookers to blush.

After exchanging plenty of saliva, Lorent gave Ansandra a command.

“Show me to the main hall.”

He acted like it was an obvious request since no one knew the palace better than her.

Ansandra much preferred this treatment to being viewed with transparent pity or false kindness. If he had done that, she would not have known how to respond.

She had left her sister in the carriage with the head maid, so she kept all expression from her face while climbing the white stone stairs with dignity.

And she silently passed through the gate to the palace in which she had been born and raised.

“Ohh.”

Lorent sounded impressed as he followed his queen inside.

The inside of the white-walled palace had stone walls, a domed ceiling, and thick marble columns lined up in neat rows.

There were no simple straight lines. It was all carved with elegant curves.

Instead of relying on magic light, windows allowed in enough sunlight for it to all shine brightly.

This was Clanaria’s fortune and technology. This kind of wasteful luxury was unthinkable in the regions previously ruled by Domos.

“The Rainbow Pearl Chamber, which is the king’s audience chamber, is this way.”

A beautiful princess guided bloody savages through a palace as gorgeous as a home for the gods.

They came across some valiant warriors who had attempted to remain faithful to Clanaria to the end, but they wept and moved out of the way when Ansandra appeared before them.

And the final door opened.

“Ohhhh!”

A scarlet carpet stretched across the great space's floor, leading to a magnificent chair at the end.

That royal throne was said to be the richest of any on the continent.

The conqueror king took long strides toward it and then sat heavily within it.

Before him, Lorent saw Stephan, Almeida, Kubdai, Shigsal, Vatistuta, Lumishas, Hopard, Naja, Ansandra, Dominic, and more.

"Good, we have taken Clanaria. This spells the end of our dominance being restricted to the northern wasteland. But this is not the end. Our goal is conquering the entire continent, so this is but one step along the way. We shall become a whirlwind of blood and iron as we sweep across the central plain."

He looked across the gathered people, raised his right hand, and clenched it tight.

"I shall hold the world in my hand. And all who come with me shall be allotted a portion of the world's fortunes, women, and glory. I have high hopes for your future accomplishments."

"Long live the king! Long live the conqueror of the world! Long live Domos King Lorent!"

Hearing their king's statement, they all swore fealty to him anew.

The king who dreamed of world domination and his retainers worked vigorously.

They had taken the capital of Clanaria, but the Domos influence had yet to reach large swaths of the kingdom. They had to get the lords of those territories to surrender, interview the prisoners, get supplies to enemy and ally alike, and begin diplomacy with the nearby kingdoms.

Ansandra actively worked by Lorent's side to persuade the faithful Clanarian retainers.

"I have brought 1000-Knight Commander Lucy."

Lucy was bound with rope when Flying Dragon General Naja dragged her into

the great hall, but she showed no shame and held her head high.

And she glared at the barbarian invader who sat in the throne that only the king worthy of her loyalty was meant to sit in.

“So you are the Lucy I have heard so much about from Ansandra. You shall henceforth work as my wife’s aide.”

“...”

Lucy did not directly respond and glanced around the area.

Dominic stood to Lorent’s right while Ansandra and Virginia sat on a bench to his left.

This older friend had become her enemy, so Ansandra emotionally held a hand to her mouth and sobbed when she saw her again.

“Princess Ansandra...”

“Lucy, I’m so glad you’re okay...”

There was so much she wanted to say, but her many emotions caught in her throat.

Lucy’s eyes also fell on the older princess.

“Princess Virginia...”

She must have already heard Virginia was captured because there was no real surprise on her face.

She also noticed that Virginia was sitting straight, but there was no life in her face.

That told her the rumors of that princess being publicly raped were true.

Virginia was known for being energetic to the point of irritating, so it was painful to see her burnt out like this.

Lucy could not bear to see her former rival in love like this, so she looked away. And before she could open her mouth, Ansandra gave a critical comment.

“What are you doing? Please untie Lucy. She is my friend.”

Naja looked to Lorent.

“Should I?”

“Yes.”

“Well, they do say yesterday’s enemy is today’s friend.”

Naja casually accepted the request and untied Lucy herself.

“...”

Once her arms were free, Lucy lightly rolled her shoulders around and opened and closed her hands.

Then she finally opened her mouth.

“Is this the confidence of the winner? This is awfully generous of someone who claims to be a conqueror. And it looks like stepping outside your comfort zone is a bad idea. This will cost you your life.”

A moment later, Lucy moved like lightning. She swiped a sword from a guard’s hip, held it at her own hip, and dashed straight toward the throne.

“Wait...!?”

It was too sudden for Naja to react.

“Hahhhhhh!!!”

She raised her voice as she made a jab toward Lorent’s belly. And he could not possibly dodge while seated.

However, Lorent did not dodge to the left or right. He moved forward.

He thrust out his right hand and grabbed Lucy’s throat.

“Gwoh.”

He lifted her up while constricting her throat.

“Heh heh heh... I had thought you weren’t the type to let yourself be taken prisoner, so was this your aim? I see.”

“Y-you win...”

With her last-ditch effort broken, Lucy dropped the sword from her hand.

“You...monster... War is an unavoidable part of this age. And dirty tricks are

necessary if you are to win. But war should be fought between warriors. You must not bring the innocent people into it.”

Lorent was blatantly unimpressed by Lucy’s rough-spoken plea.

“Now, what to do with this nuisance of a woman?”

Lorent smiled sadistically while constricting the woman’s neck and Dominic gave an enraged suggestion.

“She took advantage of your mercy to make an attempt on your life. Such insolence. You should chop off her arms and legs and give her the most gruesome execution this world has ever seen.”

Conversely, Ansandra stepped forward and clung to her husband.

“I am very sorry, Your Majesty, but have mercy. Lucy is simply shaken by recent events. I promise you she will be of use. If we are to use Clanaria as a strategic base, any further bloodshed would accomplish nothing. In fact, it would be harmful. Please let me handle this.”

Lucy was being strangled all the while.

“Gh...ghh...”

Her wind pipe was on the verge of being crushed, but her reddish-brown eyes glared at her hated enemy.

“Naja, what do you think?”

“Hmm~, she has to be a moron to challenge you head on. I don’t hate morons like that, but if she won’t let you tame her, you’ll probably just have to kill her.”

“Agreed.”

Lorent tightened his right hand.

“Ghh...”

“Your Majesty!?”

Ansandra raised a scream of sorrow and Lucy’s strong body went limp.

A moment later, her gray pants darkened from within and a warm liquid streamed down to her feet.



The skilled female warrior had pissed herself.

“Ansandra, can you persuade this tigress?”

“I promise you I will.”

The corners of Lorent’s mouth rose in interest when he heard her confident tone.

“She doesn’t seem like the type to do as she’s told.”

“Not to worry. Lucy is a woman...”

“Heh heh heh. Now you have my attention. This is in your hands.”

Lorent smiled broadly at Ansandra’s unexpected answer and he let go.

“Agh...”

Limp Lucy collapsed into her own spring of urine.

“Lucy, are you okay!?”

Ansandra immediately ran over and supported Lucy as she choked.

“Princess...”

The two looked each other in the eye.

So much had happened to them both that they could find no words to speak.

“Lucy, I promise I will not let you die. So stay by my side. Please.”

With those tearful words, Ansandra gently kissed her.

Lucy could not resist and simply accepted it. This seemed to convey their eventful time apart better than even a million words.

Ansandra moved her lips side to side to produce friction, bit Lucy’s upper lip, and stuck her tongue inside Lucy’s mouth to capture her tongue.

“Uh...uhn...uhm...”

After sucking on the soft tongue, Ansandra took it between her lips and stimulated the centerline on the bottom.

“Ahhh~...ahn.”

Lucy forgot all about the circumstances and sat there in a daze.

Lorent silently smiled in amusement as he watched them enter their own little world.

“Come to think of it, my queen fooled around with her in the past, didn’t she?”

“That is correct.”

The response came from Dominic who stood next to the throne.

Hearing that was enough to bring Lucy back to her senses, so she pulled away from the kiss.

“Wha-!? Princess, you told this man about us!?”

She had thought their lovemaking had been a divine secret between the two of them, so this was a shock.

But Ansandra shamelessly laughed with her cheeks tinged with pink.

“Of course I did. I belong to King Lorent in body and soul. I’m not the girl I once was♪”

“Princess...”

Lucy could not believe it. She felt like she was looking at an imposter who had taken on Ansandra’s form, but she soon realized what must have happened.

“I am so very sorry, Princess. It must have been painful. He must have done so many terrible things. If only I had stopped your journey to Domos even if it cost me my life.”

Lucy wept when she thought of Ansandra alone in enemy territory, forced to give her body and soul to this man in order to survive.

“Lucy, you don’t need to cry.”

Ansandra smiled kindly and licked away her older childhood friend’s tears.

“Don’t worry. I love King Lorent. I want to see how far he can take his dream of conquering the continent. That is why I helped him destroy and conquer Clanaria.”

“Princess...what have you done?”

Lucy was dumbfounded by this unexpected confession, but Ansandra pushed her onto her back and opened the chest of her uniform.

Her gray bra was exposed. It was an unsexy and purely functional breast-covering for a female knight, but it could not fully hide the seductive size below.

“I want you to help too, Lucy. Help Domos conquer the world.”

“Princess, please stop this. You are taking this joke too far.”

Lucy desperately tried to resist, but she was not in top form and she could not treat Ansandra roughly.

Ansandra took advantage of that by removing her bra.

Her giant breasts bounced into view. Thanks to her muscular build, they maintained their beautiful shape even when she lay on her back.

Ansandra lovingly grabbed those white masses, groped them from bottom to top, and placed one of the chocolate-colored nipples in her mouth.

“Ahh...♪”

The female knight’s nipple quickly hardened within her princess’s mouth.

Ansandra truly seemed to be enjoying sucking on her friend’s nipple. She also moved her tongue in quick circles to flick it around.

“Ahh, ahh...hahh...nn.”

She held down Lucy’s writhing body, groped her resilient breasts as if milking them, and alternated between nipples as she sucked.

She soon realized that Lucy’s left nipple was more sensitive than her right, so she sucked extra hard on that one while pinching and rubbing the other.

“Ah, ah, ah, ahh, ahhhhhhhh...!!!”

Lucy arched her back while her body convulsed.

“Hee hee hee. I’m so glad I could make you cum with just your nipples♪”

Ansandra laughed obscenely and then worked to remove Lucy’s urine-soaked pants.

“Ah, no, th-those are dirty... You will dirty your hands.”

“Don’t worry. This is your pee, Lucy. I don’t find it dirty.”

Her pants were pulled down to reveal the muscular and sensual curves of her legs.

“My...what beautiful legs...”

Her underwear was a white thong. Rather than to be fashionable, it was a functional choice that did not let the panty lines show through her tight pants.

Ansandra removed the wet panties.

“My, look at that hair. And it’s curly because you ride your horse so much. Hee hee. It’s lovely♪”

Ansandra rubbed her delicate hand through the shameful grass of that lawless land that had been wetted by a sudden shower.

“P-please come back to your senses, Princess!”

Lucy had masturbated countless times while dreaming of a day when she could lay with her beloved Ansandra once more, but this was not the rematch she had wanted. She shook her head side to side and desperately resisted.

“No. Be honest with yourself. I’ll make sure you feel plenty of pleasure.”

Ansandra gave an obscene smile and Lorent egged her on from the throne.

“That’s right. Show her how much you’ve grown in the past few months.”

“...Okay♪”

Ansandra smiled happily, placed her slender fingers on the flesh gate at the base of Lucy’s legs, and spread them in a V-shape.

The slit opened in a diamond shape and looked like a seductive flower.

“Lucy, your pussy is so pretty when it’s wet with pee like this♪It’s like a flower damp with the morning dew♪”

There was no hint of Ansandra’s former purity in her obscene expression and Lucy felt like she was having a nightmare as that girl held her down and viewed her privates from close up. She gave a shout to shake herself free of that bad dream.

“Princess, please stop this! You are confused because that man has tricked you. Ahh♪”

Ansandra ignored Lucy’s plea as she toyed with the flower petals and let the nectar cover her fingers.

“Hee hee hee. You need to be more honest with yourself, Lucy. Didn’t you say you love me and would spend your life protecting me?”

“Th-that was...!?”

“My knight Lucy would never go back on her word, would she?”

Ansandra’s fingers skillfully pinched the flesh bud which had grown to the size of her little finger’s tip and pumped her other hand’s index and middle fingers in and out of the sticky fleshpot.

“Ahh♪”

Lucy’s body jerked.

“Ha ha♪Lucy, you’re squeezing down on my fingers. It feels really warm and nice. Just listen to that wetness.”

“Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh, ah!”

The clever fingering quickly sent Lucy up the path of pleasure, but just before she reached the peak, all stimulation to her hot and melted blood clam came to a stop.

“P-Princess...”

Lucy asked a hesitant question tinged with disappointment and discouragement when the gates of pleasure slammed shut before her eyes. Ansandra licked the love juices from her fingers with an obscene smile.

“You don’t get that until you’re honest with yourself. I will tease you plenty though♪”

True to her word, Ansandra used her wet fingers to touch Lucy’s muscular lower stomach and inner thighs while waiting for her to cool down. Once Lucy had calmed down enough, Ansandra moved her hand down and resumed teasing the flower petals. And she again moved her hand elsewhere just before

Lucy reached the peak.

“Ahh, ahh, ahh, yes.”

Lucy’s body flopped on the floor like a fresh fish out of water. That was thanks to repeatedly being driven to the edge and then only teased. It was like her entire heated body had become one giant erogenous zone.

“Ahh, Princess Ansandra...”

Her cheeks were red like she had a high fever and she opened her throat to moan. That behavior was enough to arouse Ansandra’s sadistic side.

“Hee hee hee. Next I’ll lick your drenched pussy♪”

Driven by an inner voice saying she wanted to love Lucy even more, Ansandra got down between Lucy’s legs and pressed her lips against the hidden lips twitching there as if asking for a kiss. Then she blew on them.

“P-please stop that. Ah, heeeee!”

Lucy let out a discordant scream in response to the unknown pleasure.

Ansandra blew into her vagina like she was trying to blow up a balloon.

The wrinkles inside were straightened out and every last fold opened up as the air reached all the way to her womb.

After blowing as hard as she could, Ansandra began sucking.

“Heeeeeeeee!!!”

With a slurping sound one would never expect from a sheltered royal girl, she sucked all of the air out of the vagina, although not to a complete vacuum.

“Hee hee hee. Your vagina juice is tasty, Lucy♪”

Ansandra smiled in satisfaction and continued alternately sucking at and blowing on her friend’s vagina.

“Ahhh, heee, ahhh, heee...”

Lucy was surprised by the sensation at first, but once she got used to it, it was an unbearable stimulation.

“Ahh, please stop sucking. Pant, pant. No, please spare me this, Princess

Ansandra. Ahh, don't blow. Heee, no, no, that's too good, heeee, ah...no, ahh..."

A beautiful girl in an elegant dress had half-stripped an adult woman of her military uniform and was having her way with her.

The scene was unrealistic, fantastical, and had a bewitching obscenity that intoxicated all who saw it.

"Oh, Lucy. You're too cute. I can't hold back any longer."

Once the proud warrior woman had completely fallen for her again, Ansandra removed her lips from the pussy lips and stood up.

Then she stripped off her translucent light-blue dress.

Her breasts were somewhat small, but the size they had seemed to defy gravity. Her stomach was skinny and she had a shapely, small butt and a wide pelvis. And she had wonderfully long legs.

That perfect example of the feminine form was contained only by suggestive underwear.

When she removed the sexy bra which was clearly meant for a man to see, her voluminous breasts spilled out.

Then she lifted her beeswax-smooth legs one after another to strip off the panties.

"Phew..."

In just her long, translucent gloves, stockings, and garter belts, Ansandra looked even more suggestive than if she were wholly nude. She breathed a heated sigh and asked the female knight a question.

"Well, Lucy? Has my body change since back then?"

"W-well..."

Lucy was entranced when she looked up at her.

(Ahh, she's become such a charmingly beautiful woman. Is this what happens when a maiden consumes semen and blossoms into an adult woman?) As a woman who had fled to homosexuality after despairing in men, Lucy did not

want to accept the fact before her eyes.

“Pant, pant... You’ve become even more beautiful.”

“Really? I’m glad to hear it. His Majesty is always teasing me and saying I have a lewd body♪”

Ansandra glanced over at the throne.

Lorent sat in that throne with Naja straddling his right thigh and Dominic his left.

He had his hands on their butts, but they were longingly moving their hips back and forth while groping their own breasts and sucking at his neck.

“My.”

Ansandra’s eyes widened somewhat and Lorent smiled bitterly.

“They couldn’t wait any longer after seeing what you’d started.”

“Oh, you’re so mean. Listen. I’ll prove that I’m the kind of horny woman you like, so just sit there and watch.”

While flirting with her beloved husband, Ansandra picked up Lucy’s strong right leg and slid her own body between her legs.

“Okay, Lucy, let’s enjoy ourselves together♪”

“Ahh...”

This was known as scissoring. Lucy cried out as their wet crotches touched each other.

Ansandra pressed down with her weight and slowly moved like she was a boat floating in a lake.

“Ahh, that feels so good. Lucy, your pussy is sucking at mine. Hh, do you remember? Before I wed, you loved me like this, didn’t you?”

“...Yes. I could never...forget. Ahhh♪”

A man was watching this time, but the princess and the knight recalled their previous experience as they rubbed their pussy lips together and let their limbs twitch.



“Then do you remember what you said? You swore your sword would be used to serve only me. You said you thought dying for me was your greatest desire.”

Ansandra rubbed her cheek against the leg she held and pushed her hips forward. Their pubis bones strained and their pubic hair tangled together.

“Well, did you forget? Or were you only saying that so you could have your way with me?”

Their drenched folds of flesh produced obscene wet cries and Lucy’s body trembled from an obscene and guilty pleasure.

“I-I did not forget. And I meant those words. My sword belongs to you, Princess Ansandra!”

“I’m glad. Then work with me. Help me rebuild Curling and see how far His Majesty’s ambitions will take him.”

Ansandra’s face was flushed and jewels of sweat dripped from her soft skin as she gave the sadistic look of a man tormenting a woman and rubbed their pubes together so that their clitorises were squeezed between.

“Ah...ahhh...ahhhh!”

Warm sticky liquids mixed together as the women cried out and convulsed. The sexual sweat on their soft skin scattered like shattered jewels.

The beautiful princess and fierce warrior were mentally aroused and their breathing was in perfect unison. They were even certain that their blood was flowing at the same speed.

“Ahh... I belong to you, Princess Ansandraaaaa!!!”

“Yes, Lucy, you belong to me, so live with me!!!”

She had fallen. Lucy climaxed by speaking those words and Ansandra climaxed by hearing them.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

The beautiful master and servant orgasmed and collapsed with sex juices mixed together.

“Pant, pant, pant. I’m so happy, Lucy.”

After experiencing the sweet climax across her entire body, Ansandra sought Lucy’s lips to enjoy the afterglow.

“Princess Ansandra...”

In a daze, Lucy also sought her master’s lips.

After the two women had completed their sweet kiss, Ansandra whispered softly.

“We will be together forever now.”

“Yes. I always belonged to you...”

“Then I have a gift you can use to prove it.”

Ansandra circled behind Lucy, grabbed her legs, and spread them.

“Eh...?”

Lucy was confused and Ansandra called out to the man in the throne.

“Your Majesty, I apologize, but could you please give your love to Lucy as well?”

“P-Princess!?”

Lucy was shocked by her lovely master’s unexpected words and Lorent also looked surprised.

“Hold on. She tried to strike me down in vengeance and she’s your friend. Are you sure?”

“Yes♪ A single lovemaking session can win over a woman more easily than countless words. Once Lucy has had your penis inside her, I doubt she will ever again think of repeating that insolence. Also...”

“What?”

Lorent pressed her to continue when she hesitated, so the beautiful but embarrassed princess answered.

“Two women who had had the same man are known as rod sisters, right? I would love to be in an even closer relationship with Lucy♪”

“Honestly, where did you learn that term?”

Exasperated, Lorent asked the women on his thighs to move.

“Very well. If my queen insists, I will accept this offering.”

“Ehhh?”

Naja was not happy, but she still obediently hopped down. Then she looked down at Ansandra and giggled mischievously.

“Trapping a former lover with forced sex? You can do some nasty things for how cute you look~”

“...”

Dominic also got down from his lap and clearly wanted to say something, but she held her tongue and respectfully removed her king’s clothing.

When the steel panels of armor were stripped away, his honed limbs and muscular body came into view. She finally reached for his lower stomach and removed his waist armor.

His dark, gigantic, and clearly-defined penis revealed its grand form to the world.

“Go right ahead, Your Majesty♪”

Ansandra placed her hands on either side of Lucy’s pussy lips and spread them wide.

Her vagina was twitching beyond the soaked lips.

She was ready to eat.

“Eek! Princess, I have had more than enough of that man....and, um, I like women more than men...”

The female knight had let her dislike of men fuel her homosexuality, so her cheeks stiffened when she looked up at the penis boldly rising as the symbol of the villain before her.

“C’mon, Lucy♪Doing it with another woman feels great, but his penis feels even better, so just try it out.”

Lorent walked over with a bitter smile at Ansandra's attempt at persuasion. He sat down on the red carpet, grabbed Lucy's tight stomach, lifted her up, and lowered her on his raging erection.

"Hahhh!"

Lucy cried out when he was shoved inside her vagina.

It was a cry of carnal pleasure. After being tormented by the fingers and mouth of the girl she loved, Lucy's pussy lips were more than ready to accept a man.

Her body simply seemed made to accept a man's wild beast. No matter how many times Ansandra's skilled sexual technique made her cum, it was no more than foreplay. It could not match the satisfaction of having a man inside her.



“Ahhh...”

Lucy's mouth opened wide and drool dripped from the corner.

Many small folds wrapped around the solid erection that pushed inside her vagina. It was a deep vagina that felt like it contained countless tongues.

They were seated and facing each other, so the man could make the penetration as deep or shallow as he liked.

Intoxicated by her magnificent vaginal walls, Lorent started thrusting upwards.

"Ah, ah, ah, yes, ah, so big, ah, hee, ah..."

Lorent had been Ansandra's first man, but Lucy had experienced another man, even if that was a complicated issue.

In her ignorance, Ansandra had assumed this was simply what a man was like, but Lucy's experience left her shocked by his great size and intensity.

"See? His Majesty's penis feels so good, doesn't it?♪"

Ansandra bragged about her husband while Lucy writhed in pleasure and she reached from behind to fondle the knight's breasts.

"Ahh, yes. It's filling me up and feels so good. Ahhh...!!"

Lucy was far from light for a woman, but he held her up and rhythmically thrust up into her.

He stirred up her insides and hit her cervix.

Now that she was forcibly reminded of the pleasure of being dominated by a man, Lucy made no attempt to escape and showed no shame as she draped her arms around his neck and wrapped her legs around him.

"Ahn, han, ah, ah, ahhh..."

Each time he thrust up into her, her voluminous breasts bounced and her sweat flew out like mist.

No one would think this was the heroic woman who was known to hate men.

Ansandra teased her friend's breasts while lovingly viewing the womanly expression on her face. Then she asked her husband a question.

“How are you enjoying Lucy, Your Majesty?”

“She’s not bad. Conquering a woman like this is one way of enjoying victory in battle.”

“Oh, you’re such an awful man.”

Ansandra giggled and was not actually criticizing him.

“Ahh, I’m...I’m about to...about to cum, cum, cum!”

Lucy approached her limit as she was pounded with the thick cock of the man she had attempted to strike down in revenge. Ansandra gently whispered in her ear while toying with her breasts.

“Go ahead and cum. Cum as hard as you want. My Lucy♪”

“Hahhh...!!!”

Her beloved princess’s whispering voice pushed her over the edge. The heroic woman’s limbs convulsed as she clung to the man and the rough folds of flesh squeezed the meat stick.

“Kh.”

She squeezed tight enough for Lorent to groan and then her head rolled backwards.

She had climaxed. The orgasm heated her entire body with the greatest satisfaction a woman could feel.

But Lorent’s attack continued.

“!? H-heee! You’re still going!?”

“Oh, Lucy. Don’t let this surprise you. He’s only getting started. He’ll make you cum 6 times in a row.”

The rock-hard cock’s excavation was incessant.

Lucy’s strong body convulsed as her internal folds were stirred up and her cervix was pounded on.

“Help me, I’ll break, I’m going to break. Ahn, ahn, ahn, ahn, ahn...”

Her head hung limply back like a broken doll and she seemed to climax anew

with each thrust.

And even though she had been prepared to lose her life, her mind went blank and she begged for mercy.

But her kind princess was cruel.

“Hee!”

Ansandra placed a finger on Lucy’s anus and pushed it inside.

“P-Princess...what are you-!?”

“Oh? You’ve never done it here? I’m glad I could have one of your firsts.”

Ansandra really did sound glad as she stuck two fingers inside Lucy’s anus and pumped them in and out.

“Ahhhhhhhh...!?”

“Well, Lucy? Taking fingers in your butt while taking His Majesty’s penis is amazing, isn’t it? Hee hee hee. I can feel him through your anus♪”

With Lorent’s extra-thick cock in the front hole and Ansandra’s delicate fingers in the rear hole, Lucy cried out in utter confusion.

“Ahh, please no more. I can’t take any more...ah, ah ha, ah ha ha, ah ha ha ha.”

Tears flowed, her tongue stuck out, and drool dripped down while she cried out with a look of complete orgasm in her eyes.

Anyone familiar with her would have had trouble believing this was the same woman. The woman known by the Clanarian people as a War Goddess and as their last hope had revealed an ahgao that showed no sign of any of that. Meanwhile, her vagina greedily sucked up the manhood.

“Kh, this woman is about at her limit.”

Lucy’s stamina was far greater than the average woman, but even she was no match for the monstrous strength of this man.

Ansandra also recognized it.

“You’re right. Will you finish it off by giving Lucy your love?”



“You’re full of demands today.”

Lorent complained and Ansandra gave an apologetic reply.

“Whether we are filled with your love or not makes a major difference to a woman. It feels incomplete without it, so please do it♪”

“Fine. I’ve gone this far, so I might as well do as you say.”

Lorent made it sound like he was only doing it as a favor to Ansandra, but he was not going to last long inside Lucy’s tight and rough vagina.

He soon reached his limit.

“Okay, I’ll cum. Ohhhhhh!!!”

He let out a roar and his magma exploded out into the woman’s body.

“Hyahhh...”

Lucy made a strange noise like she was sucking in air and her eyes rolled back in her head.

“Ahh, incredible. There’s so much...so much pumping inside me.”

A scratchy scream left the bottom of her throat.

The forgotten throbbing of a man had apparently brought her body to even greater heights.



Even after releasing all of the scorching liquid, Lorent remained inside Lucy for a while before pulling his penis out with a wet sound.

“Ahh...”

Her body went entirely limp and Ansandra held her to her chest.

Her legs were still spread wide and milky ejaculate flowed back out of her gaping vagina.

Once he was done, Lorent returned to the throne and had Dominic and Naja lick his dirty cock clean.

“Well, Lucy? It felt great, didn’t it? Now you’re even closer to us♪”

“Yes, Princess...”

After ensuring that Lucy had calmed down, Ansandra stood up.

“Lucy, I have something to ask of you. You too, Virginia.”

Ansandra placed her hands on her chest and presented her request to Virginia, who sat expressionlessly in her seat, and Lucy, whose hips had completely given out.

“To Clanaria, I am a dirty traitor. I drove my father, mother, and so many of our people to their deaths. That is unforgivable and I will not deny the enormity of my deeds. But there is still something I want to do. Domos King Lorent’s dream is to conquer the world. That will be bloody path. But a time of recovery will arrive once it is complete. His ambition is to conquer the world, but he wants nothing beyond that. I will fill that gap. He may seem invincible now, but he will age. The time will come to pass the torch to the next generation. I will give birth to that heir. And I want to lay the foundation for peace.”

“Honestly, you’re a bold one, aren’t you?”

Lorent grumbled from the throne, but he did not make an actual rebuttal.

“I always feel like that girl is picking a fight with me.”

Naja fully intended to give birth to Lorent’s heir, so her eyes shined like a belligerent cat.

“Yes, we can’t let our guard down around her.”

Dominic also seemed to have reassessed Ansandra.

“I cannot do it all on my own. I will need Clanaria’s help. Lucy, Virginia, I would like for you two to support me.”

“...”

Lorent and his two aides watched with great interest to see what Virginia and Lucy would do.

Eventually, light returned to Virginia’s eyes and she slowly stood from her chair.

“That is your war?”

“Yes. This is my hope and my dream. And also my atonement.”

Hearing that, Virginia slowly walked toward Ansandra.

“You leave me no choice.”

“Virginia.”

Ansandra looked worried, but Virginia placed her hands around her head and held it to her chest.

“I would prefer to never see that good-for-nothing scum of a man ever again, but I can’t let my adorable little sister head to the battlefield alone. ...I will help you.”

“Thank you so much, Virginia...”

Ansandra wept into her sister’s chest and Lucy managed to kneel at her feet.

“Yes. I will spend my entire life protecting you, Princess. I will never leave you again.”

“Thank you too, Lucy. Thank both of you.”

“Heh heh heh... Sorry for interrupting such a touching scene, Ansandra, but I have no intention of impregnating you for quite a while.”

“Wh-why not...!?”

Ansandra looked up from her sister’s chest and widened her eyes at Lorent’s unexpected statement.

While sitting in his throne, resting his head on his hand, and flanked by Dominic and Naja, he revealed his wicked reason.

“Because you’re just my type of woman. If I got you pregnant, I couldn’t fuck you for a while.”

“My.”

“But if you want to be pregnant that badly, then you’ll have to act so lewdly that I’ll be overpowered by my desire to knock you up.”

Virginia grimaced at that exchange.

“Ugh, now that is an unpleasant man. Ansandra, have you really fallen for that terrible person? To be clear, he’s the worst I’ve ever met.”

“Uuh~... He does like to play the bad boy, but once you’re used to it, he’s actually really cute.”

“Cute!!?”

Virginia, Lucy, Naja, Dominic, and even Lorent himself widened their eyes at Ansandra’s description.

“Yes, he’s a very simple person. He childishly wants the entire world for himself and wants to sleep with as many women as he wants. That’s all there is to him.”

“Ah hah hah hah! Oh, what an amusing woman.”

Lorent roared with laughter and beckoned Ansandra over.

“Ansandra, come and sit here. I just can’t get enough of you.”

“Of course♪”

Lorent pointed at his own penis and Ansandra excitedly walked to the throne.

She spread her legs and sat on the erection that Dominic and Naja had licked clean.

“Ah, ahhhhn...”

She had already enjoyed scissoring with Lucy, so hot nectar was dripping from her slit.

The man was sitting in a seat and the woman sat down facing him.

“Does it feel good?”

“Yes. Ahn, your precious thing feels so good. You could win over any woman with this.”

Ansandra seemed to truly believe that.

That was why she had had Lorent have sex with Lucy.

“I never thought my own sister would be into something like this.”

Exasperated, Virginia sought agreement from Lucy, but Lucy was too busy staring silently at Ansandra.

“Heh heh heh. You’re so cute.”

Ansandra happily accepted Lorent’s kiss.

They rubbed their lips together, entangled their tongues, and exchanged saliva in a deep kiss while he caressed her breasts and she moved her own hips up and down.





“Heh heh. So my Queen has become the kind of woman who moves her own hips.”

“Eh?”

Ansandra had been savoring the pleasure of being violated by a man, but she instantly came back to her senses and blushed.

This was not the first time she had lewdly used her own hips, but pointing it out made her conscious of how she was moving them to match the man’s rhythm.

She frantically worked to stop the rhythm of her hips while the erection pounded her from below.

“Ah, ah, ahh, hah, hah, ah, ahn, I’m sorry, it feels too good, ahn, I can’t stop it...I can’t stop my hips from moving.”

“Then move them even more. Do it as sluttilly as possible.”

Intellectually, Ansandra thought she could never do anything so shameless, but at Lorent’s insistence, her body began to move in search of greater pleasure.

“Ahh, your cock feels so good♪”

She clung to that beloved man and ground her hips against him.

Her vagina was hot and wet and its many folds tightened around the thick rod while guiding it deeper. And it intensely expanded and contracted.

Ansandra’s vagina was not especially tight.

Naja and Lucy could squeeze more tightly than her.

But it seemed to swallow a man like wet silk floss and would not let them go. And it was developing further each and every time.

“Heh heh heh. You’ve really grown into a lewd woman.”

“Ahh, you’re the one that...made me like this. Ah, ah, ah...”

“That I was. You’re an excellent woman.”

He admitted it. He had taken her virginity and taught her the pleasures of a woman, so he was responsible for all of her sexual proclivities.

Most men thought of the ideal woman as a saint in the sunlight and a slut in



the moonlight. Ansandra had grown into just that sort of woman.

She normally looked so pure you would think she had never even felt lust, but once you slept with her, she revealed her horny desires. Lorent was looking forward to loving her in the future, instead of only doing it because she was his queen.

He suddenly turned Ansandra around while he was still inside her.

“Ahh...that’s embarrassing.”

With her back to the throne, her sexy legs in translucent stockings were spread wide with her knees over the throne’s armrests.

This of course left her pussy exposed while it was penetrated and dripped love juices.

Lorent called out from behind the beautiful princess who was writhing as her friend and sister viewed that union.

“Hey, you two. You said you’re going to assist Ansandra, so service her now.”

“Ahh, Virginia, Lucy. Please do♪Please forgive me for being so horny. I want you to tease my horny tits and my erect clitoris~♪”

Ansandra’s expression melted as she was penetrated by the man and she trembled while intentionally using dirty words in her request.

“Sigh~ Can a man really change a woman this much? When did my sister become such a slut?”

Virginia rubbed at her hair and sighed, but she still walked over to her sister and knelt down to the union.

“Honestly, look how big and swollen your clit is. What a shameful sister.♪”

The princess known for her obsession with magic brushed back her curly golden hair and licked the bared clitoris.

“Virginia, that feels...so goooooood♪Your tongue feels so goooooood♪”

Virginia licked at her sister’s pussy like a cat and that sister trembled in pleasure. Meanwhile, someone approached from behind Virginia.

“Then I will caress your breasts.”

Lucy grabbed Ansandra's breasts and sucked each tip in turn.

"Ahh, Lucy. My boobs, my boobs feel so good. Ahh, yes...this feels so wonderful. Virginia, Lucy, thank you♪"

Ansandra cried with joy as she was penetrated by a man and tormented by two women.

And it was more than just carnal pleasure. She felt enough guilt that she would have understood had those two killed her or held a lifelong grudge against her, so she rejoiced that they had forgiven her.

That happiness showed itself in her vagina by squeezing its wet and soft folds around the manhood.

"Your Majesty, I can't wait any longer either."

Naja revealed her jealousy as she climbed onto the throne from Lorent's right side.

"The jealousy is about to rend my heart in two."

Dominic gave a look of longing as she climbed onto the throne from Lorent's left side.

They both fought over Lorent's lips.

Ansandra was joined to him with her back to him, so the three of them exchanged their intense kisses behind her.

"Really, do you two have no self-control whatsoever?"

Once the kissing had settled down, Lorent made an exasperated comment. That placed a resentful look on Dominic's face.

"I would rather not borrow the Queen's words, but you are the one that made us like this."

"That's right, that's right. We love you way more than she does and we're way more dedicated to you."

Naja moved in with an angry expression.

“Okay, okay.”

Lorent gave in and extended a hand to each woman. He must have decided he could let Virginia and Lucy caress Ansandra for him.

He opened the chest of Dominic’s clothing, placed his left hand on a purple-dyed silk bra with grape vine embroidery, and removed Naja’s thin breastplate with his right hand.

A total of four breasts spilled out.

Dominic’s had the weight of ripe melons and Naja’s had the springiness of fresh oranges.

With two varieties of sweet fruit in his hands, Lorent groped them so they jiggled.

He fully enjoyed the soft breasts that seemed to melt in his hand and the resilient breasts that seemed to bounce away when he squeezed them. And when the nipples grew indecently erect, he teased them between his fingers.

“Hh...hhhn...ahhn.”

Naja pressed her back against the throne beside Lorent, straddled the armrest, spread her legs wide, and rubbed her crotch against it. Dominic looked at Lorent’s face, straddled the other armrest, and rubbed her labia against it like she was riding a horse.

“Ahh, yes, yes, yessss♪”

Ansandra’s cries of joy must have been contagious.

The other women began breathing heated breaths.

With her legs spread wide, Ansandra lewdly moved her hips and sprayed hot fluid on her sister’s face each time the meat stick moved in and out.

“Honestly... And people think I’m the slut and Ansandra’s the pure one.”

Virginia continued licking her sister’s clitoris while her face dripped with love juices. Then Ansandra’s writhing seemed to intensify.

“Hahhhh!!!”

“Ah, Princess!? Are you about to cum?”

Lucy sounded surprised as she pleased Ansandra's breasts.

"Y-yes, and...H-His Majesty's penis is throbbing♪Hahh, I'm...I'm at my limit. I'm...I'm going to cum. B-but I don't want to cum yet. I want to cum with him... with him. Your Majesty, please give me your semen. Please squirt it inside me."

Naja shrugged when she heard Ansandra's pleas.

"Then you should probably lick his balls. Do that when he's horny and he makes the most hilariously pathetic voice."

"Damn you, Naja."

Lorent sounded panicked as his weak point was revealed to so many women. But it was too late.

"Ohhh ho ho ho. Thank you for the advice."

Virginia stopped licking the union long enough to laugh loudly.

A large sack dangled down from the thick rod stabbing inside Ansandra. When Virginia moved her face there, Dominic provided a warning.

"You can pleasure His Majesty if you like, but what do you think will happen if you harm him? Even your empty head should be able to figure that one out."

"I wouldn't do that. I'm not you."

Even an enemy like Virginia had apparently heard about Dominic biting off a man's balls.

"But I will have my revenge by hearing your pathetic moans♪"

She began licking the man's balls while her right hand toyed with her sister's exposed clitoris.

"Gh..."

Lorent could not help but groan.

"Oh? Your penis is twitching. Is your masculine pride making you desperately try to hold back? Ansandra was right about you having a cute side♪"

The tension across his balls rose and the lines of the wrinkles lined up in the same direction. It was like a knot on a large tree.

“I love King Lorent’s moans when he’s trying not to cum♪”

Naja teased him and licked his cheek.

“I can’t get enough of smelling your sweat when you try to hold back.”

Dominic had ecstasy in her voice as she stuck her face below his armpit and sniffed.

“Ahhh, I’m going to cum! I’m cumming! Cumming! Cumming!”

Ansandra voice reverberated around them.

“Princess, just a little longer.”

Lucy desperately soothed Ansandra as she worked to cum with the man.

“You have more endurance than I thought. I really didn’t want to do this, but I have no choice since my adorable sister has fallen for you.”

Virginia spat out his balls and began licking at his anus. That acted as the finishing blow.

“Ohhhhhhhh!!!”

He raised a bestial roar and his flesh rod exploded.

Scorching liquid was fired into the entrance of Ansandra’s womb with tremendous force. Each shot invited her to an even greater world of pleasure.

“Ah...ahh, I’m cumming, I’m cumming, I’m cumming...  
ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

Ansandra screamed even louder, her white body bent back, her slender chin, her beautiful breasts, and her thighs convulsed, and she passed out.



Thus, the starving wolf grew wings. The ferocious dragon took flight into the grassy sea of the central plain.

The Kingdom of the Golden Dragon was born with uniting the continent as its slogan. The appearance of the northern conqueror's empire accelerated history. It invited in a time that would later be known as the Age of the Gods. The previous conflicts between kingdoms began to show signs of strategies meant to unite the continent, so large kingdoms swallowed up smaller kingdoms and larger kingdoms swallowed up those. Heroes, villains, wise commanders, courageous commanders, fierce women, brave women, and villainous women fought fiercely across the continent. It was an age of suffering required to give birth to the Holy Empire that first united the continent.

This empire signaled the start of that heated age, but it faced unexpected trouble shortly after its birth. A largescale rebellion broke out in the Sulbey region. And the charismatic leader of those rebels is said to have been named Mimi.

[Note: This chapter was rewritten enough that the original illustrations don't quite apply anymore but not enough that it's worth translating the original version, so I'll include those illustrations here.]













# Afterword

[Note: This Afterword is from the original version. The rereleased version has no Afterword.]

That concludes the Kingdom Conquered by the Golden Dragon. I am truly thankful to the people who read Part 1 and looked forward to Part 2 (I hope there are lots of those), to Senbata Rou-san who provided such wonderful illustrations, and to Okada-san, my editor who spent so much time on the phone with such an impolite author.

Now, what did you think of it? I would be honored if you enjoyed it and I hope you will pick up any future books you find with my name on them. (And you can enjoy the superiority of having discovered me first).

If you are angry because you read both volumes and did not enjoy them at all, then I must apologize. That is due to my lack of ability. I will improve my skills in the future, so please do not abandon me and buy my next book as a form of charity. You might be able to enjoy them once I improve and you might even be rewarded in paradise (or heaven or your destination of choice) after you die.

Let's see...I have 4 pages this time around, so to fill space, I think I'll write a bit about the development of these books.

Princess Virginia only had some quick appearances in Part 1 but was a major character in Part 2 and even got a color illustration, but when I outlined the plot, she did not even have a name.

When I was partway through writing it, I realized Ansandra couldn't be the oldest daughter if she was being sent out for a political marriage, so I figured out a name for an older sister. And once she had a name, I decided to make her a witch so she had a bit more character. And as I kept writing, I realized I couldn't have a princess not do anything when her kingdom was in danger, so I finally made her the leader of the Clanarian army.

I finished writing it while only really thinking of her as a bizarre princess who

was Lucy's boss and I sent the manuscript to Micro Design Publishing.

And when Okada-san decided to publish it, he decided to split it into two books since it was pretty long already. He asked me to write some more to fill out the two books.

When I was trying to figure out what to add, he suggested I give Virginia a sex scene.

Like I said, I only saw Virginia as a minor character and I wasn't really attached to her. I had forgotten about her to the point that I wasn't sure who that was when Okada-san first mentioned her name. (This novel has way too many side characters...sorry.)

Okada-san apparently really liked Princess Virginia, so he told me to make it a gang rape scene. (He says he likes rape scenes. You learn about people's fetishes in the weirdest places. Then again, 2D Dream Novels does have a lot of rape scenes. He's such a cruel person. As a feminist, it just breaks my heart.)

She was originally supposed to fire some powerful magic to blow herself up along with several Domos soldiers, but I rewrite that to what you read. She gets to survive and she is married to a cool guy. (I'm not sure which ending is worse, really.)

But given her personal life, I imagine she'll have reversed the power balance before long and Carnap will basically be her servant. I don't think this will be enough to keep that princess down.

Yes, that's a witch for you. She stole a man's heart and gave herself more time in the spotlight without the author meaning for it to happen.

If any of you readers preferred Virginia to Ansandra, Lucy, Mimi, Dominic, Naja, or the others, it means you were affected by her magic, not my skill as an author.

Anyway, that ends this story of villainous Lorent with Ansandra as the lead. But that does not mean Lorent's war of world domination has ended. This was just one story within that. (Thinking of it like the Warring States period, this was Oda Nobunaga conquering Mino or Imagawa Yoshimoto conquering Mikawa.)

I am not a skilled author, so if you enjoyed these books, I intend to write more

and more stories of men's ambitions, plots, and wars set on this war-torn continent. And there will be plenty of beautiful women involved as well. (For now, I am calling it the Rise of the Holy Empire Series.)

I have already thought of a few warlords who can rival Lorent and want to write about their battles. (They are guaranteed to be killing each other left and right.) And I have of course thought of several women as beautiful as Ansandra, so I imagine their chastity will be cruelly taken.

\*Editor's Note: You have some nerve calling yourself a feminist.